

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1937

LION AND UNICORN TODAY!

An American View

BY W. Y. ELLIOTT

WHAT began so modestly as a Colonial Conference in 1887, the Golden Jubilee of a Queen so soon to become legendary, in 1937, holds the keys to the unity of more than Empire. To many an anxious Foreign Office this Imperial Conference may reveal the answers to the enigma which puzzles them: what is British policy going to be? Will the Dominions exert a pull away from European commitments? What is the future of the Ottawa Agreements? Will this Conference mark a further closing up of the dependent Empire? Or will the Ottawa Agreements be relaxed to permit the United States an entry into that tightly walled world called Sterlingaria? Is there room for other democracies now outside? And for other countries?

On the answers to these questions may depend, if not the peace of the world, then certainly the future shape of its destiny for many decades to come.

It is not my purpose to try to prophesy what the answers will be. They may not appear to outsiders—and perhaps not clearly to insiders—for many years to come. Formulæ of agreement in the official language of command papers are not intended to reveal these mysteries of Empire to the uninitiated. But it may be of some interest to show how the unity of an Empire, turned Commonwealth, seems today to affect these issues, viewed through sympathetic eyes on the other side of the Atlantic. And this Imperial Conference, ushered in by the Coronation of the first king in whose official succession all the Dominions take a legal part, may throw a useful if uncertain beam

area as well as into the naval programme. No Canadian urging was needed, though it may have been useful.

That the Dominions may exert real pressure upon England today in foreign policy is undoubted. But those whose influence could count most are most unlikely to exercise it positively in matters of high policy. As long as Canada is under a Liberal Government, and to only a slightly smaller degree under a Conservative, her traditional policy is to volunteer no advice.

Volunteering advice might lead to sharing responsibility for carrying it out. In 1911 Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not commit Canada to paying for dreadnoughts, and, though 1912 saw Sir Robert Borden promising \$35,000,000 to this end, the Canadian Senate said him nay. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie King may listen to a son of Joseph Chamberlain descanting in less rhetorical terms than those which in 1902 failed to move Canadian hearts. But Canada does not in 1937 seem more enthusiastic about paying for naval armaments, or for that matter land armaments outside her own air arm, than she has been in the past.

Remaining non-committal on foreign policy which falls outside the innocuous obligations now imposed by the League, is thought by Canadians to permit them greater freedom to set the limits of positive action. This policy has been pushed to still greater lengths by the Union of South Africa and, needless to say, by the Irish Free State. But where all these Dominions may save nationalistic face by "going along" with Great Britain in the League, the ironical converse is true of Australia. The antipodeans are far more inclined to back the Mother Country in the Mediterranean or wherever the life-line of their communications is endangered. But they seem to care very little about League affairs and forms. Even New Zealand, which used to be taken as much for granted as Wales or the most English county in England, has latterly been manifesting a degree of independence in the Pacific that is surprising. The growing economic contacts of Australasia with Japan and the Asiatic mainland complicate the simplicity of the old picture sketched by a "White Australasia" policy.

There is in large outline, then, only the certainty that the Dominions will not commit themselves in advance to positive obligations. They are, so far as one can guess intelligently, as

certain to come to the aid of Britain in any major struggle as they were in 1914. If they choose their own time, delay is not fatal to the Empire. It is even conceivable that a neutral Irish Free State, under certain circumstances might have some compensating advantages to the United Kingdom, particularly, if neutrality legislation were ever drastically tightened in the United States. No one supposes that the Irish could long be kept out of a good fight, even if recruiting were not permitted. And the habit of fighting on the British side in a real set-to is deeply ingrained.

British policy in all probability is not today more handicapped by the requirement of carrying the Dominions along than it has always been since the War. The excuse may be useful to a government in England desperately playing for time, or for one that is simply Micawbering. Whatever light this Conference throws on Dominion willingness to back the Mother Country can only be seen at present behind the scenes. There its effect may be really important, particularly if it is supported by tangible offerings of increased armaments. That last is the external criterion which in these unbelieving times will be used by the uninitiated to penetrate the mystery of what the British Commonwealth really retains of a united front.

The vulgar, as usual, will be wrong. Should they add another materialistic criterion—increases in imperial preferences—they might still be misled. The greatest sign of strength that any economic system can show today is its ability to expand, not to close more tightly. There is no possibility of the dictatorships removing any of the barriers erected about their economic systems. State-planned capitalism within them is too fatally geared to power politics and armaments to be altered. Least of all could they dispense with exchange controls. The mark and the lira, and it may be the yen, would not long survive the machinations of those who want to get capital out of the country.

If the British Empire is capable of becoming a true Commonwealth of Nations, it must be true to its traditions. It must, in short, afford to all who will concede mutual reciprocity, access to raw materials on equal market terms. It must be capable of expanding the area of a freer economy to Powers capable of acting on the same terms and having the will to do so.

Any further tightening of the Ottawa Agreements would therefore have a very disastrous effect upon those economic dependencies of Great Britain that are no part of the legal Empire. The Argentine, the Scandinavian states, and Holland, to mention the most obvious examples, are as important factors in British economy as the Dominions. *Their* position in a war is perhaps more important because they lack the sentimental and legal ties of Dominions.

While there is no probability that any penalizing of these economic allies will be pushed further in London than it was at Ottawa, there may be a very great temptation to rebuff once again Secretary Hull of the United States. His desire to open the area of freer trade to include the United States seems dangerous to the short run interests of certain sections of the British economy. They do not like reciprocity in extending "most favoured nation" clauses.

Mr. Runciman probably returned from the United States rubbing his hands complacently. The War Debt of unpleasant memory, if not forgiven, seemed to be in a fair way to be forgotten. The only unfortunate remains were evident in the closing up of the American loan market to defaulting debtors. For reasons perhaps of domestic policy the Roosevelt administration had indicated a willingness to lay aside its trump card of a tight neutrality policy in favour of a "cash and carry" attitude that favoured the controlling sea-power with the cash.

As for the cash, there were several billions of American securities held in one way or another on British account which might be mobilized as they were in 1914-1916. Once the prospect of three dollar wheat, twenty-five cent cotton, and so on began to dawn upon the American producers, the transformation of policy observable from 1916-1918 might be expected to operate to loosen the loan policy. Of course no one expected it to last so long this time as to make it necessary. But then, neither did any one expect a four years' war the last time.

In the meantime, an undervalued United States dollar facilitated the acquisition of American securities. The commercial policy of the United States seemed resolutely determined to go on shining like the one good deed in a naughty world, affording an interesting market to British exporters.

The announcement of the Canadian-British Trade Treaty was made in early March, after M. Runciman's return, tying up still more tightly about one hundred commodities which were bound to be the basis of any interest that the United States might show in either Canadian or British markets. It was as if Mr. Runciman had said to Mr. Hull: "Now that I've seen that your Old Dog Tray still wags his tail, I'll just remove another bone to avoid tempting him. You and Mr. Roosevelt must have enjoyed Buenos Aires very much. I hope you had a pleasant outing. But, you see, while you were myth-making and Monroe-Doctrinizing, the Empire was at work. Canada has just given you an effective commentary on the bait that you labelled Pan-Americanism. She is doing business with the old firm again."

Oddly enough the gist of all this has not been entirely lost on Mr. Hull. Like all very patient and amiable people of firmly fixed moral purpose, he is implacable if he becomes convinced that he is being what we call "taken for a ride"; so that there may be an element of grimness in his scrutiny of the outcome of the Imperial Conference. He is a great man and a very simple one—dangerous in anger.

It is particularly worth while for the business men who are now running the British government, sometimes described as "hard-faced" by unsympathetic commentators, to remember the Achilles heel which is presented by their private investments in the United States. There is no doubt whatever that any country which begins to contemplate putting restrictions on the withdrawal of foreign capital had better act quickly or not at all. So to act in almost any circumstance is ultimately unwise and costly. But American opinion, already nervous under a falling stock-market shaken by selling for London account, may be in no mood to see whatever back-log of privately held securities is left, to cheer Mr. Neville Chamberlain, mobilized and withdrawn as it was in goods during the last war.

There are one or two types of control over the resources of the dependent Empire that stick particularly in the American crop. A friendly critic, conversant with circles of opinion that are highly articulate on Capitol Hill, ought to call these sore points to British attention, with the observation that they may have a great deal more weight than Mr. Runciman, and maybe

Mr. Runciman's diplomatic advisers, attribute to them. One is tin and another is rubber.

Now the American public is correctly estimated by some foreigners to be a "sucker for propaganda" of a sentimental sort. "Britain as the Leader of World Democracy," "the Guardian of Constitutionalism," etc.: it is because there is real truth in these phrases that they arouse a real response. But we are not so much impressed as we used to be by "Dual Mandates," "Trusteeship," etc., when used as apologies for British colonial policy. We note with interest the extraordinary role of some colonial office officials in engineering price control schemes on two of the great commodities of which we are normally the chief consumers. The trusteeship seems to be paying a very pretty penny to the trustees.

And why not? Why not, indeed! But after the Congressional Investigation into the Tin Control Scheme in 1934, there was far less enthusiasm in Congress for underwriting the British Empire in time of need. Rubber control offended Mr. Hoover's finer feelings for the American consumer, even in the abortive Stevenson scheme. Its more effective modern revival is not likely to recommend itself to an administration rather desperately concerned to prevent commodity price inflation on a domestic scale.

A *tu-quoque* at this point would be more just than effective. After all, our respective nations are rapidly approaching a clash of commercial policy which may endanger much more permanent values than those immediately involved. At least in the United States one has for the first time a machinery for making tariffs on a reasonable basis of national as opposed to sectional or pressure group interests. One has also a Secretary of State who has stubbornly and courageously achieved the backing of most of American business and more than eighty per cent. of the press for his programme of broadening the channels of world trade.

If Britain feels, perhaps correctly, that a return of the German colonies to Hitler would at this stage only be a concession to sabre-rattling, and hence dangerous, she can hardly have the same reasons for blocking Mr. Hull's programme by digging in still further the "Chamberlain Line" of neo-mercantilism around her economic Empire. Without the benevolent economic support

of the United States, the Empire is not permanently tenable, particularly as a closed system.

Can an American, who wishes the Empire well, view the prospects of this Imperial Conference hopefully? In this important sphere, I am afraid not. The lines of Conservative policy and Dominion vested interests are drawn too firmly to be loosened in these times of fear.

THE NEXT FISCAL ISSUE

BY THE HON. GEORGE PEEL

AT no previous epoch have the relations between the political, and the commercial, life of nations been so intimate as they are today. And this has been illustrated in a very signal and disagreeable manner by the events of the present year. In these few months the Olympian powers have launched three successive thunderbolts into our bewildered markets and on to the heads of our money changers.

The first of these blows was the announcement of the unheard-of sums which our Government feels it imperative to raise, whether by loan or by taxation, for armaments. A serious fall ensued in Government securities. Next, the rumour spread, and was widely believed, that the United States would shortly propose to reduce its buying price of gold below 35 dollars per ounce, its present buying price; a measure of deflation, in sharp opposition to the inflation or reflation, so highly favoured today by economists and statesmen, and regarded by them as essential to economic recovery. Hence another staggering blow, this time self-inflicted, to credit. And finally, in the same month of April, 1937, there was the Budget of Mr. Chamberlain disclosing huge extra burdens to be levied upon us, not merely by the income tax, but by the agency of the National Defence Contribution. Consternation ensued. This time, it was our equities which mainly felt the stroke.

Yet, after all, it is somewhat surprising that these thunderbolts should have caused such dismay in the ranks of the investing public. For they did not fall from a blue sky, but from a firmament already dark with economic portents. We in this country were all apprised already of the call for rearmament, and could have guessed, more or less closely, that the fiscal corollaries would be cruel. And, as regards the United States, why should it be assumed that their Treasury will permanently continue to

buy gold without limit and without alteration of price? After all, whether in their banks or in their Exchange Equalization Fund, they have accumulated more than half of the international monetary gold stocks. Then they proceed to sterilize part of it. And they de-value their currency, so as to provide more dollars for a given ounce of this abundant gold. Why should they go on for ever with these extraordinary proceedings?

These dire alarms of 1937, of which no more need be said here, have tended to conceal the fact that yet another storm may be brewing in the fiscal field, or, at any rate, another major problem will soon be urgently calling for the attention and solution of statesmen. I shall endeavour to define that problem, and to discuss the outlook in regard to it.

When the great economic crisis of 1929-1931 broke upon the world, it was marked by two main features. There was a great fall of prices, followed by a world-wide repudiation of indebtedness, and also there was a general rise in unemployment. As regards the fall of prices, the attitude adopted towards it by the British Government was very definite. That Government repeatedly declared, through the mouths of its most responsible statesmen, that it sought to combat this fall, and to reverse it.

At first sight, it might have been supposed that a fall of prices was, on the whole, eminently favourable to a creditor nation, such as ourselves. For, clearly, it would mean that the sums owed us annually from abroad would be discharged automatically with a larger quantity of raw materials and foodstuffs, recognized on all hands as essential to our existence. But, in this case, the fall of prices was so severe that it spelt ruin to many of our debtors, who therefore declined, or were unable, to meet their obligations. It was therefore very natural that the British Government, in spite of the advantages conferred upon us by the fall of prices, should wish to avert the evils entailed for us in their too catastrophic decline.

As regards the fall of prices, it must be said that, whether or not it was stemmed by any measures taken by the British Government, stemmed it has been. Perhaps we did our part by abandoning the Gold Standard in September, 1931, and by de-valuing our currency. At any rate, taking the complete British index of sterling prices, as compiled by *The Economist*, at an

index number of 100 for the month of September, 1931, that index number, after remaining fairly stationary in 1932, rose gradually in 1933, in 1934, and in 1935. In 1936 there was a rise of a more definite character. For the index number attained, at the close of that year, to the high figure of 131. Since then it has again advanced rapidly, rising to no less than 144, or thereabouts, in the early period of 1937. It is this phenomenon, incidentally, which is the root cause of the new problem that is now being presented to us.

As regards the second of the features produced by the economic crisis of 1929-1931, namely, unemployment, our experience has not been so happy. Unemployment here, in its special aspects, has remained fairly constant, though cyclical unemployment, after attaining to huge proportions from 1930 to 1933, has today almost entirely disappeared.

Although we may congratulate ourselves, then, that prices have risen, we cannot maintain that this rise of prices has achieved the purpose which all of us, without distinction of party, have at heart. Indeed, it is very relevant here to quote some words which the Chancellor of the Exchequer employed in his recent Budget speech of April 13th, 1937. On that occasion, when the search for revenue was the absorbing topic, it was naturally expected that, if a rise of prices were still the policy of the British Government, an extensive further imposition of indirect taxation would be the order of the day. But it was not so. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, hitherto himself the chief advocate of that general policy, declared on that occasion that he declined to go further with the extension of indirect taxation, i.e. tariffs. His ground was that to go further in that direction would raise the costs in this country which have risen so much already. "I might, of course," he explained, "increase indirect taxation, but . . . prices already show a tendency to rise, and I do not want to do anything to push them any higher."

It must seem remarkable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have employed this argument and adopted this attitude. For, looking at the matter without prejudice or pre-conceived ideas, it might very well be argued that rising prices have had wholly satisfactory effects on British production and business activity. The London and Cambridge Economic Service shows

an index figure somewhat higher than that of 1929. Yet, if we look at the same matter from another angle, we shall find cause for anxiety and reflection. As already mentioned, there is the obstinate nature of what economic research calls *normal* and *special* unemployment, which is reflected in the figures of our export trade. Here we may refer to the recently published Annual Report of the Liverpool Steamship Owners. This Report points out that, if we compare the United Kingdom imports, reckoned in tons, in 1913 and in 1936, it seems that, in the former year, there were 56 million tons, and they have steadily risen since then to 72 millions in 1936. On the other hand, taking exports and re-exports together, their tonnage in 1913 was 94 million tons, but now has fallen to the figure of 49 million tons in 1936. What has happened, to state the matter more exactly, is that the volume of our exports registered a great fall up to 1931, and since then has had a relatively slight recovery up to the end of 1936.

It would seem, then, that a rise of prices can do much, but it cannot do everything, to secure prosperity. It can, as we have indicated above, stimulate domestic activity of trade. It can correspondingly diminish, as we have also seen, excessive unemployment. But it cannot reduce the latter to satisfactory proportions, and still less can it extinguish it. In these circumstances, it can now be understood how it was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was well justified in adopting the attitude he took up in his Budget speech.

Moreover, while a rise of prices has hitherto been a pre-occupation with the British Government, it has had another line of fiscal policy of the highest importance. During these recent years our Government, like all other Governments, has been faced with the fact that international trade has been seriously shackled not only by the catastrophic fluctuation of prices above-mentioned, but also by the incredible volume of restrictions placed upon it, in the shape of moratoria, quotas, prohibitions, partial embargoes, exchange depreciations, and so forth, so painfully known to us all. In some of these expedients our own Government, of course, has taken part, not to mention the Import Duties Act of 1932. The trade of the world, as a whole, has suffered severely.

In illustration of the above remarks, let us glance at the latest

returns. If we take the index figure of 100 to represent the quantum of world international trade in 1913, in the year 1929 this figure had risen to 130, which was satisfactory enough and indicates the vitality inherent in international trade. But in 1935, thanks to the constant blows administered, the figure had fallen to 107. For 1936, we are told, the quantum figures are not yet available, "but there is no reason to think that they will differ materially from those of 1935." In order to meet this world-wide prospect of a falling international trade, and also, be it said, in order to act in accordance with sentiment for the Empire, it was held advisable to secure for ourselves as much of inter-imperial trade as was possible. The outcome of this desire was embodied in the Agreements of the Ottawa Conference of 1932.

Could not our trade be stimulated if we imposed taxes on our imports of food, leaving food imported from the Empire free of duty, while, on the other hand, the Empire could give preferential rates of entry to the goods of the United Kingdom? It would be far beyond my purpose to examine the policy of these Ottawa Agreements. But it is relative to my argument to mention the net result for the last recorded year, 1936. It seems that, in that year, our imports from our Dominions were £196 millions. Our exports thereto were £115 millions only. We have served the Dominions nobly, at any rate, providing them with the finest and most ample free market in the world. But it is our exports that lag behind, and with this lag of our exports the spectre of our unemployment still remains to haunt us.

I read, for instance, in *The Commerce Journal of New Zealand*, that in 1936 the United Kingdom purchased from New Zealand no less than 80 per cent. of New Zealand's exported goods. On the other hand, "despite increased tariff preference granted Britain following the Ottawa Agreement," the percentage of the imports from Great Britain is on the decline, while the United States, which has hitherto lagged far behind, is improving its position in that market. Looking at the same matter and including in our summary the whole Empire including the Dominions, we have been witnessing, over a term of years, an increase of imports from the Empire. We find that, in 1913, we imported no less than £192 millions from the Empire. But in

1936 this figure has risen to the considerable total of £333 millions. Expressing the same fact in percentages, it may be reckoned that, in 1913, about 25 per cent. of our imports were from the Empire, while in 1936, this ratio had risen to some 39 per cent. of our total imports. But it is our exports in the converse direction which are the less satisfactory feature.

Let us, then, without making any complaints, realize the fact that the Ottawa Agreements, themselves now in course of denunciation or revision, cannot solve our problem here. After all, whereas we need more exports, the Dominions, not to mention the colonies, desire to develop their secondary industries by a Protective system. Consequently this system can, in the nature of things, be made only *relatively* favourable for ourselves. For it is our own manufactured exports which the Dominions regard as the rivals of their own nascent industries. Besides, even should they desire to embark on a free-trade policy, the Ottawa Agreements, which are based on the theory of taxing the foreigners at a considerably higher rate than ourselves, evidently stand in the way.

Perhaps it is this latter sense that intra-Imperial Agreements are an obstacle to fiscal independence which has led India recently to denounce the Ottawa Agreements in their application to herself. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is the consciousness, on the part of Canada, that the Agreement was in reality of great advantage to her which has induced her to negotiate very recently a new Anglo-Canadian Agreement. After all, in 1936, Canada increased her purchases from us by less than £3 million, whereas we took £43 million more in 1936 than in the earlier year.

Besides the fact that the policy discussed in the above paragraph has not cured our troubles, it must be said that it has plunged one of the greatest of our interests, the agricultural interest, into acute embarrassment and dissatisfaction. The farmers have been caught in an economic cleft stick. According to *The Farmers' Weekly*, our Ministers are being "bombarded" as never before. And no wonder. The costs of the feeding stuffs of the farmers, many of which are taxed by our tariffs, have risen from an index number 84 in 1935 up to 119 this year. Their machinery, fertilizers, etc., are up too. So are their wages. On the other hand, under the Ottawa Agreement, foodstuffs are

encouraged to come in freely into this country from the Empire. Hence all sorts of costly attempts, on the part of the Treasury, to placate the farmers with subsidies.

There is a fourth expedient, which, in recent years, has been pursued by the Government. This policy is embodied in the, so-called, Runciman Agreements, after the name of the President of the Board of Trade. These are, it must be said, small-scale treaties, some twenty in number, made with individual countries. The dominant fact in them is that they are bilateral in each case. Perhaps one may say that their chief feature is an attempt to widen the market for our coal abroad, and, conversely, to facilitate the entry of foodstuffs from the agreement countries, as compared with those of other foreign countries. Here again, their tendency is much attacked by the agricultural interests, and also by the other industries of this country which have reaped little or no benefit from their operation.

And there is yet a fifth tariff expedient adopted by our Government with the object of assisting our trade. This is the policy of instituting in our Colonial Empire, as distinguished from our Dominions, quotas and differential tariffs for the special advantage of ourselves as against foreigners. But to this measure can hardly be credited much extension of our trade. In fact, it has already aroused opposition in the highest quarters. At the Royal Empire Society on November 17th last, Lord Lugard reiterated his belief that it would be wise to withdraw these quotas and differential tariffs as being opposed to the spirit in which our Colonial Empire has been built up. On that occasion Lord Lugard invited us "to return to our traditional policy of affording the same facilities to foreigners as are enjoyed by our own nationals, a policy which offered complete justification, on the economic side, of our possession of so many Colonies."

These measures might be pronounced to have been attended with success, were it not for the fact that it is in the region of international trade and on the vast expansion of our exports to all quarters of the world, including our Empire, that our safety and welfare depend.

Fortunately, in the opening months of 1937, British statesmen, headed by Mr. Baldwin and innumerable men of business

and economists, have unanimously emphasized the urgent need of finding more exports for ourselves. And in a recent broadcast from Cape Town, General Smuts has given us his solution. After a glance at the alarming condition of the world, he says :

International trade and commerce may prove the way out, when the way is blocked to purely political solutions. Let our aim be the opening of the barriers to international trade and commerce, and the lowering of the tariff walls which now segregate the nations. The new tariffs have proved a greater impediment to world peace than the ideologies. International trade has always been one of the most civilizing agencies of our human advance. That has largely been the British way. Then let that once more be our solution of the present crisis.

As a matter of fact, there is in process outside this country, almost for the first time, both in the Old World and the New, a movement in this direction. Let us glance at it in its development in the United States, and also on the Continent of Europe

The last Democratic President before Mr. Roosevelt was Woodrow Wilson, who was also the last President to accomplish a reduction in the American tariff. In 1933 the times were not favourable for an all-round reduction of the tariff on the lines of the Underwood Act of 1913. But in 1934 there was passed the Trade Agreements Act, and also Mr. Roosevelt, as a proof of his good intentions, appointed one of the most persistent low-tariff advocates in the country, Senator Cordell Hull, as his Secretary of State.

Secretary Hull has had the greatest obstacles to encounter. But, in spite of all, his method has been to negotiate bilateral trade agreements with one country after another. Provided that no tariff duty is reduced by more than 50 per cent., these agreements are exempt from the necessity of running the gauntlet of Senatorial approval. By the end of 1936, thirteen or more of these agreements were concluded, with countries, among others, such as Canada, Belgium, France, and the Netherlands. It is a condition of the Act that concessions shall be reciprocal ; it has also been the uniform practice of the United States to generalize its concessions to all countries enjoying the benefit of the most-favoured-nation clause. Thus, the nation which has been one of the most hardened in imposing tariffs upon others has now been leading the way to freer trade.

The countries with which these agreements have been con-

cluded account for nearly a third of America's exports, and for well over a third of her imports. The agreements do not affect the whole of the trade between the countries concluding them, but, even so, a substantial fraction of the foreign trade of the country is benefited. Besides, the generalization of the concessions extends the benefits, such as they may be, to third parties. It is fully possible that Great Britain has already gained from the concessions given by the United States in her treaties with other countries, as much as, or more than, could be obtained in a direct Anglo-American treaty.

Nevertheless, the movement thus briefly described requires support. For it has not lacked critics in the United States. The platform adopted by the Republican Party at Cleveland already calls for the repeal of the Trade Agreements Act. Indeed, there are Republican voices already demanding a general increase in the tariff on the lines laid down, so unfortunately, by Mr. Hawley and Senator Smoot in 1930.

Meanwhile, on the Continent of Europe, the movement towards free, or freer, trade goes on. The Oslo Convention of 1930, it may be remembered, aiming at the reduction of tariffs over a wide area, was not developed, owing to the insistence of the British Government upon the rigid application of the most-favoured-nation clause. In March, 1932, Mr. Runciman declared in the House of Commons that the Government did not endorse the Oslo Convention because "Europe was not ripe for economic agreements." It seems to be more ready now.

Another similar programme was drawn up at Ouchy in 1932 between the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxemburg. But this likewise came to nought. Yet the movement was not dead. In November last, Dr. Colijn, the Dutch Prime Minister, declared that the time had come for a closer economic co-operation between the democratic nations and, a month later, Hr. Hansson, the Swedish Prime Minister, spoke in favour of an economic arrangement between the Scandinavian nations, the Low Countries, and Switzerland. And this has been the signal for innumerable *pour-parlers* since. What Dr. Colijn and those co-operating with him have in mind is not merely to make the Oslo Convention effective, but also to initiate a movement, in which certainly Great Britain the United States, and France would have great parts to play

for the lowering of trade barriers over the widest possible area and the revival of international trade among all the nations willing to co-operate in bringing it about. There are signs that the time is opportune for such a movement. Statesmen everywhere are casting about for means to increase their export trade, in the conviction that without this help it will not be possible to carry internal recovery much farther.

It is true that, in March last, Mr. Baldwin, while expressing the view that "the cause of world peace would be promoted by the freer exchange of goods and services across the frontiers of nations," criticized this projected Low-tariff Club as "tending to provoke retaliations and tariff walls." This criticism must be considered to have considerable weight if the so-called Club were restricted to a small membership. For the very conception of such a Club does involve the idea of some differentiation between the tariff status of its various members, and is, inevitably, less favourable in its attitude to the countries outside it than to those inside it.

The way of meeting this difficulty is that France, the United States, and Great Britain should whole-heartedly co-operate with the Oslo Powers. Of the United States I have already spoken. As regards France, M. Georges Bonnet, the new French Ambassador to the United States, declares: "France is convinced that a return to freedom in the exchange of goods is the supreme condition for the salvation of civilization." He emphasized his country's desire to contribute to the realization of economic and financial co-operation between peoples, in order to save their independence and to open wide the door to peace. Mr. Roosevelt, replying, said: "To further the return to normal conditions of world trade is one of the fundamental aims of this Government," and he assured M. Bonnet of his co-operation to that end.

Besides furthering this movement in the Old World and the New, there are many steps to be taken in this complicated subject. At this point I must confine myself to drawing attention to the Thirteen-Point Declaration of Policy issued by the International Chamber of Commerce, sitting in Paris, on October 18th last. The Chamber declared that "the time is now ripe for a progressive abolition of the numerous so-called 'emergency' trade restrictions and increased customs tariffs imposed during the

depression." Its practical proposals favoured the conclusion of multilateral agreements, open to all comers, stimulating international trade ; and, pending this, the conclusion of bilateral treaties, but only as an intermediate measure. They also favour the inclusion in all such treaties of the most-favoured-nation clause, and the general use of it in its unconditional form. And further, they recommend the abolition of import quotas, and detail the measures which may facilitate that desirable end.

In his broadcast on April 16th last Mr. Baldwin referred to the British Empire's "solemn duty of spiritual leadership." If this assertion is not to be an empty boast, we must be prepared to implement it in the economic sphere. The President of the Board of Trade has declared in the House of Commons (April 27th) that it is our policy to reduce trade barriers wherever possible in the world ; though, indeed, in recent years we have taken many steps backwards towards the restriction of trade, and therefore of industry. This Coronation Year provides an auspicious hour in which to take a step, nay, a stride, towards freedom.

SPAIN THE INSUPPRESSIBLE

BY SIR GEORGE YOUNG

“**A**ND so you are back for the Coronation, from that dreadful Civil War—how glad you must be; what a difference you must find!” “Yes,” I say, “there is a difference.” It is certainly different to be in a country where everyone is singing more or less heartily and harmoniously “God Save the King,” and drowning their sorrows from over-taxation and under-employment with “A Health unto His Majesty.” The Monarchy is, moreover, good magic against battle, murder, and sudden death, and the Monarch is a magician that will save us from either decadence or dictatorship.

Yes, England is indeed different from Spain, where everyone is being mown down by machine guns or blown up by bombs because some believe in “Nationalist-Syndicalism,” and others in “national Socialism.” Surely we may suppose that the Spaniard is possessed of devils—black devils of Fascism, and red devils of Communism—from which we are saved in virtue of a King crowned by the grace of God and Mr. Baldwin. Yet somehow I am writing this on my way back to the Cordoba front without seeing the Coronation festivities.

For there is another difference between England and Spain, and one that makes the descants of the Coronation less attractive than the discords of the Civil War. Can it be because Spain, where Death is now crowned omnipresent and omnipotent King, has become so intensely alive? Is it because Spaniards in both camps seem to feel that life is today worth living, if only because it is worth dying for the life they want? While we English seem not to know what we want from life, because we find nothing worth dying for. So that when you leave England for Spain you seem to leave a world of elderly children playing with modern mechanical toys of mediæval mumming for a world where men and women are joyously at work forging in the furnaces of war new laws, new liberties, and new lives.

This difference between the two nations explains perhaps the indifference with which we, as a nation, have hitherto regarded the crisis in Spain, which is quite probably also a crisis in contemporary civilization. If we speak of it at all, it is in terms of sport; while our nurses tell us to be good children, and not go near the fire or the fire extinguishers. Our press tips us the winner, which we then back, even though we suspect that the information is interested. "Communism wins" or (as it may be) "Fascism," or "Non-intervention"—shouts the Press. While we cannot see that Fascism never was a stayer and will be run to a standstill, that Communism was never even a starter, and that Non-intervention will surely run off the course, and its jockey be warned off. While a horse out of our own stable will be going strong at the finish and will win—if we police the course properly.

"Strong statements," you will say—"and we mistrust metaphors." Very well, then, find fault if you can with the following facts. Let us first look at the chances of Communism, an outsider that is tipped by the ring when it suits their book. Now, Spanish Communism was always an insignificant section of the electorate, and with only sixteen deputies in the 1936 Cortes, and a very small sector in the Left Wing of the Popular Front. But the formation of the Popular Front on the outbreak of civil war gave Communism a new importance. In the first phase of the war it was the orthodox Communists of the Stalinist persuasion who were the most efficient and effective fighters, for they not only accepted that discipline which was essential for carrying on war, but also that democratic control which is essential for keeping the peace of the Popular Front. In the second phase of the war it was the Communist Youth Movement and the Communist Eighth Regiment that held back the Moors and Foreign Legionaries. In the third phase of the war it was the Communist munitions supplied by the U.S.S.R. and the Communist manpower sent by Europe which made headway against the disciplined troops sent by Italy and Germany. In this fourth, and possibly final, phase of the war it is the agreement of the foreign communists to act as shock troops while allowing themselves to be incorporated in Spanish brigades that has made possible the establishment of a central command. If the Popular Front wins, Communism will have contributed more than any other party

to the victory ; and if the Popular Front loses the Communists will contribute more than any other party to the victims.

All the same, when the piping times of peace come, though it will be the Communists who have paid the piper, it will not be they who will call the tune. The Spanish Communists will then be little better off than are today the French, German, Italian, and other volunteers who get all the bullets and none of the bulletins. This is because Communism is as inherently incompatible with the Spanish tradition and temperament as it is with the British. Moreover, it is divided against itself. Until the war, the more active and violent Communist section was that of the Trotskyist P.O.U.M. who were the most formidable foes of the Stalinist P.C. These Trotskyists were really an extremist wing of Syndicalism, which was until the war more popular and powerful than Socialism. It is inevitable that, with the peace, shootings will again begin between the Trotskyists and Stalinists, and also between Syndicalists and Socialists. The result of this will be to restore a political balance between a Right reduced to Reformists and a Left in which rival revolutionaries will almost cancel each other out. This will stop eventually, and again put into control as before the war, a centre of social democracy for socialistic democrats.

If, however, the civil war proves to be only a step to a further stage of revolution, and not merely a stoppage of the normal rhythm of Spanish political progress, then the new revolutionary regime will be syndicalist-anarchist, rather than Socialist-Communist. It will be an attempt, as in the first Republic of 1873, to copy the Swiss system of cantonal devolution, and of decentralized federation, which was then, and will be now, unworkable in a country with an organized proletariat and a disorderly peasantry ; and, moreover, with regional and racial minorities with special autonomies and separatist ambitions.

In previous civil wars Southern Spain has resolved itself into a Syndicalist society, and Spain has become an association of *ayuntamientos* without any central government. Similarly Northern Spain on such occasions set up a central Communistic control over its economic life. Both systems can now be seen working side by side, and are being welded together in the furnace of war under the hammer of foreign invasion. Com-

munism is building the Socialist basis of the new economic system. Syndicalism is building barriers against Communist oppression ; Social Democracy is building bridges and buttresses between the two. Here, for example, are pictures of Syndicalism and Socialism at work. Crossing the central plateau of Spain I had to wait for a petrol permit in an *ayuntamiento* far from the socialistically organized war fronts and war factories. The Alcalde was at the telephone with another Alcalde bartering barrels of wine for bags of beans. The village elders stood round stiffening their representative. A year ago they would not have cared a bean how many beans made five barrels of wine, because the wine would have been sold to pay the dividends of a firm exporting from Barcelona and the beans to pay the rent of an absentee landlord at Biarritz. Anyway, that is Syndicalism—as natural a growth as vines or beans. Against that, take the village where our hospital was—under the enemy guns on the Motril front. The village was rationed by the provincial administration, and eating as it had never eaten before. But were they grateful ? They were not. Not even when they got a troop horse past military age with which to give us a *despedida*. Because this was Communism—wholly artificial and alien to the native inhabitants.

Has Fascism any better chance than Communism ? It was so confidently boosted by tipsters and so consistently backed by heavy money, that it was at once made a favourite and for long so remained. Certainly, on form, it might well have won ; and it got away to a good start. Fascism could, moreover, count on monetary support from Spanish capitalism, much of it ready mobilized in the hands of millionaires like Don Juan March ; on the moral support of the Church, still dominant in the North ; on some of the man-power of some of the minorities, such as Basques and Galicians ; on all that of the Navarrese, and on that of the majority of the propertied class ; on three-fourths of the officers and on about half of the men in the army, navy, and police forces. Last and not least, should it fail at the first *coup* to capture the national and provincial capitals, it could count on the supply of munitions and technicians from Italy and Germany. It could also, in virtue of the same secret arrangements, command the Spanish western frontier from

Portugal and its Eastern and Southern coasts from Italy and Morocco. It had a programme of Fascist reconstruction which it called "Nationalist-Syndicalism," such as might have appealed both to the Socialist disgust with party government, and to the Syndicalist dislike for orthodox Communism. Properly presented, this programme might have split the Popular Front ; dividing the Social Democrats from the Socialist-Communists, and these again from the Syndicalist-Anarchists. But the programme was presented by soldiers who said it with bullets, not with ballots. Consequently, a fair proportion of the army, navy, and police force, smelling the rat of reaction behind the arras of reconstruction, refused to rebel. And it was these republican regulars with very irregular bands of proletariat and peasantry who put down the military "putsch" and threw insurgency back on its foreign Fascist supports.

The first of Insurgency's foreign sources of man-power lay in the Spanish Empire in Morocco, which had been its base. One can imagine how British public opinion would react if the military command in India landed thousands of Sikhs and Gurkhas at Dover and marched on London to overthrow a Lib.-Lab. government brought to power by a general election. The invasion of Spain with Moorish levies and the Moroccan Foreign Legion was an even worse mistake. For it was a mistake that had been made before, in 1934, when the revolt of the Asturian miners was repressed with heavy slaughter by Moorish troops—a mistake that resulted in the revolutionary general election in 1936. Alliance with the Moors was bad enough, but almost as bad was accepting assistance in aeroplanes and aviators from Germany and Italy, seeing that these were the only two Powers known to have ambitions for occupation of Morocco and the exploitation of Spain and would obviously not help for nothing. The result of this mistake was, first, the creation and then the consolidation of the Popular Front. But Fascism was forced by the failure of its military mutiny not only to enlist these dangerous mercenaries, but also to enlist all the reactionary movements, none of which had any use for its reconstructionist ideas. It was indeed many weeks before all these exotic and eccentric elements were willing to line up under one leader, General Franco. They have never been able to

embody their objectives in a general political programme in spite of the efforts of General Franco to produce programmes that may mean anything or nothing.

If the field is now to be narrowed down again to a fight between Valencia and Burgos, what will be the chances of Fascism again? Obviously none whatever in terms of peace politics. For, even if it could rally its reactionary supporters for some sort of reconstructionist programme, it could never get any popular support for it short of a decade of persecution and propaganda. Fascism having taken to the sword will perish by the sword, unless a sufficient percentage of the politically conscious proletariat and peasantry perish first. And this its leaders seem to have realized even before the outbreak of civil war. For their policy of acquiring a majority by means of executions instead of elections came into force at the first landing of the Moors and Legionaries. All political supporters of the Government who refused to recant were thereafter liable to be shot, which policy is justified as war reprisals for "Red atrocities" in the past, and as police repression of Red activities in the future.

"Red Terrors" have for a century been endemic in Spain, but have never made any protracted change in the constitutional regime or in the ruling class; whereas the "White Terror" of 1820 which preceded them did definitely interrupt the rhythm of Spanish progress. Thereby the despotism of Ferdinand VII, assisted by the French army of the Duc d'Angoulême and by the Clericalist "Army of the Faith," wiped out the first Liberal movement in Europe. And the similarity in the procedure of the Fascist White Terror of today with that of Ferdinand VII over a century ago, even to the reappearance of gangs like the "Destroying Angels" of 1822, suggests that the reconstruction programme of Fascism is as yet nothing more than a camouflage for such reactionary proceedings. For example, examine the evidence now available of what happened on the occupation of Jerez, the prosperous little sherry town, which could never have been suspected of Syndicalism or Socialism, where the local councillors and any members of trades unions except those over sixty, all Freemasons except two, were promptly—eliminated with the co-operation of the religious order. This is a reversion to the formula of Ferdinand the Cruel, which can be summed up as

reaction based on foreign invasion, blessed by fanatical clericalism and bleeding all political progressives white. It would perhaps have been better if it had been honestly explained that it was the only possible procedure by which the insurgent programme could have been imposed on the Spanish revolution by foreign mercenaries and Fascist militarists. Most governments have at one time or another tried such exterminations, often for imperialist exploitation without any excuse of patriotism. The policy was successful when applied to the Irish by a Cromwell ; it was not so when applied to them by a Hamar Greenwood. As it is applied in Spain, it has not as yet erred on the side of moderation. Indeed, if the old socialist-syndicalist Saul has slain his thousands in hot blood, the young national-syndicalist David has slain his tens of thousands in cold.

There seem to be some indications that Franco is no Ferdinand, and that he realizes that the procedure effective a century ago against a liberal-intellectual minority cannot be so today against the whole mass of the syndicalist peasantry and proletariat. It would at any rate be charitable so to interpret the attempt to bring the reactionary factions under Fascist control. Now, it took the Spanish Government about six weeks to get control of the gangs of Reds who were revenging themselves for the July *coup* and taking advantage of the calling up of all the police forces for the civil war. But so far Generals Mola in the north, and Queipo de Llano in the south have continued their battues ; nor do either the German or Italian commands as yet show the compunction shown by the French a century ago at the consequences of their interference. No doubt the strong expressions of English and European public opinion as to the treatment of the Catholic civilians of Bilbao and Guernica has made an impression. It has elicited the explanation that Guernica Catholics were destroyed by Guernica Communists, and that the starvation of Catholic women and children is essential to the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in Spain. But these interesting elucidations will not immediately inspire confidence in the Spanish people as to a future Fascist Government. Fascism will have to shoot its way upwards and onwards, or it will be itself shot down and out. Spain can be oppressed but it cannot be permanently suppressed. Because Spanish

political ideas and instincts are rooted in the rocks of tradition. They cannot be torn out by any storm of persecution, or washed away by any wave of propaganda.

And this brings us to our next question : when will the war end and Spanish democracy win ? The answer is that if foreign invasion is prosecuted with the full forces at the disposal of the two Fascist Powers and is protected by the non-intervention procedure, the war will continue for years and may shatter our Christian civilization. At the beginning Spain, if left to itself, would have ended the war in two months, and the protraction of the war has been and will be in exact proportion to the foreign intervention permitted. If all foreign intervention were now withdrawn, both the foreign technicians and troops assisting the Insurgents on the one side, as well as the foreign technicians and volunteers assisting the Government on the other, the Spanish people would again end the war in two months.

This estimate is arrived at by assembling the relative manpower available for conscription on either side, after allowing for Cromwellian eliminations and emigrations. It assesses nine-tenths of the man-power as available now for the Government, and one-tenth for the Insurgents. Of these conscripts it is probable that one half will desert the Insurgents on the first opportunity, as they are now doing ; while probably one half of the conscripts of the Popular Front will be ready to die as they have hitherto done. The estimate also takes into account that the gold reserve left to the Government, and the credit that will accrue as soon as its superiority becomes sufficiently obvious, will give it an advantage in the purchase of munitions over the Insurgents, who have to pay for munitions in minerals that do not belong to them. The City of London may some day recognize that it is more profitable to lend money to a Government which is winning than to let insurgents who are losing go on commandeering the produce of the Rio Tinto mines. It is also clear that in military skill the Government has the advantage. True, thanks to foreign support, the Insurgents have been on the offensive throughout. But they have lost troops and time which they could not spare on political objectives like Malaga, Bilbao, and Madrid.

The loss of Malaga was a strategic gain to the Government.

It substituted the short and strong Motril front of forty miles, flanked by the Sierra Nevada and by the sea, for the four hundred miles of indefensible provincial boundaries. Moreover, the shock to the Popular Front and the shake-out of a very unprofitable provincial syndicalism enabled the Government within a fortnight to impose conscription and a central command. The assault on Bilbao has so alarmed Barcelona that it has not only consented to come into the war, but even to let Valencia co-operate in suppressing the Catalan Syndicalist-Anarchists who so far had succeeded in rejecting the central command and a Catalan offensive campaign.

The main factor of the future is of course air-power. Though the Government have of late had an ascendancy due to a superiority both of material and of morale, this cannot continue if the "control" is maintained as at present. For Government supplies have to be sent in by sea, subject to Insurgent seizure, while German and Italian planes can be flown in with no restriction at all. It seems, moreover, probable that the Fascist Powers will try to make good to the Insurgents their increasing inferiority on the land by giving them complete control of the air for the destruction of the Government centres of production and for the demoralisation of the civilian population. How far they will feel it safe to go in this, and what they will get thereby, will probably be known before this article is read. But, the spirit of Spain being insuppressible, Spain may yet give European civilization an opportunity to free itself, either by moral pressure or by military procedure, from the worst curse that civilization has brought upon itself.

GAS AND GULLS

BY L. E. O. CHARLTON

MODERN warfare, particularly in respect of action from the air, has introduced a new relationship between the civilian element on both sides and the Governments to which they owe obedience. The responsibility of the latter is now enlarged to include protection of the populace from the rigours of bombardment from the air. For indeed the attainment of the heart of popular resistance, residing in the masses, can be accomplished now by a short-cut method which need not necessarily involve the land or sea forces at all. Devastation can be wrought at will on the place most of all susceptible to such an insidious form of attack before ever the first reservist has reported at his depot, and at once the civil population has assumed a new importance in the eyes of government. This is the theory, so easily capable of proof—that the unendurable suffering of the masses, brought about by air bombardment, will quickly end the war.

Some countries proclaim this belief with open cynicism. Others justify the proceeding by a statement that no such thing as a non-combatant is to be found nowadays. It is true. Logically, and in ruthless argument, the old lady who sits and knits a chest-protector for her soldier going to the war is manufacturing a munition equally with the operative in the shell factory hard by. Even to bear a male child is an infringement of non-combatant neutrality, and there is not a single mode of employment which is not, in one way or the other, a strengthening of national resistance and, therefore, a legitimate object of attack. The nation which declines to give agreement to this conception of war will be quickly subjugated, and nothing but the effectual outlawry of war itself can serve to halt the mournful progress.

The people have emerged on to their present stage of

importance in the scheme of things through two antecedent phases. In the earliest phase they received no consideration whatever. This happened in the days of moving, mediæval war, when they were harried from pillar to post, starved by the gluttony of the military forces, slaughtered, ravished, and not seldom put in wholesale fashion to the sword. There are cases on record—when food ran short, for instance, in a beleaguered town—of the forced evacuation of its citizens as merely useless mouths, obliged to fend for themselves among their foes, a proceeding which usually ended in their slow, or quick, extermination. They were apt to get in the way and spoil the war; the creed of those days, being, as it is in fact today, that motives of humanity must never be allowed to interfere to the prejudice of the purely military operation. Originally, they acquiesced on account of *force majeure*, but in time they became, so to speak, acclimatized, even to the extent of regarding harshness as their portion when their rulers chose to go to war.

In the next phase, that of war on a conscriptional scale, to a certain extent they were automatically protected by their own military shield. As long as the front lines held they had nothing much to fear, and could go about their ordinary avocations, even though business might not be quite as usual. At that time the collapse of military power, involving the surrender or defeat of the main military force, resulted in an armistice which, in turn, was followed by a peace arrangement. Still, the citizen was moderately safe, and if the military occupation of territory were considered advisable as a prelude to the signing of the treaty, then all he had to do towards the preservation of his life or liberty was to keep out of mischief and scrupulously observe the letter of the edicts under martial law. He was still a nuisance, still superfluous in the vicinity of fighting, but less so than formerly, and he even had a proper role to perform. Then war was hinged and fastened on the citizenry for duration, owing to the barrier weight of mass enrolment, and this prolongation of hostilities, together with advanced technique in the development of weapons, pushed the food-provider and the worker to the fore. He was still, however, a non-combatant with the rights of such. Although, in a national sense, he sank or swam according to the military fortunes at the front, none the less he was immune

from slaughter unless, unfortunately, he actually got entangled in a fighting area.

All this time the people had a very real importance although they knew it not. It was a negative importance, certainly, to be seen and realized by their enemy instead of by themselves. For each side knew that the heart of the population opposite was always the real point of attack, and that battles had to be fought and won merely in order to brush aside the military barrier and, by attaining the capital (for choice), break the popular spirit of resistance and dictate a peace. *Vox populi vox Dei* was the principle at stake. A democratic government could be changed or, otherwise, a revolution engineered, and thus could the people make their wishes unmistakably known if they considered they could bear no more. It was not for nothing that, in 1914, the French troop trains were playfully scrawled "*à Berlin*," and the German "*nach Paris*." The principle was subconsciously at work. From either of those capitals peace could be dictated.

We are living now in an entirely new war-era. So today nothing must be left undone for the protection of the civil mass who are now the front-line soldiery. It must be accorded a Queen Bee solicitude, for if it be discouraged the war is lost. This is a complete reversal of affairs. Wives and mothers may still be anxious for their sons and husbands at some front, but the latter will have much more need for real anxiety. One would imagine that, in the case of Great Britain, with a vulnerability not approached by any other country, we should ere now have got our plan of protection all cut and dried. But it is not so. That democratic lag is on us as never before. How far, in fact, have we gone towards a solution of the problem of reasonable safety for the mass? Is there any such thing?

The Air Raid Precautions Department has been at work for some time now. The title is a misnomer, to begin with. It is not raids we have to apprehend but sustained bombardment from the air by gas and high explosive bomb, and the incendiary, all three of which carry out their mission of destruction in close relationship, and with microbial warfare thrown in for make-weight, for all we know. There is psychological reaction to the apt name or phrase, and the very mouthful-quality of a longer, more exact title in such a connection might have an educational

value in itself. On the last occasion the sporadic attempts of the enemy to subvert the popular morale—not without a measure of success, be it noted—was truly raiding. To cut and come again was the essence of it, in the old foray fashion ; but the heavy air bombardment now to be foreseen will bear the same relationship to the sprinkling effect over London in the Great War that a set battle then had to a light engagement between patrols in no-man's land. To land a crashing blow at the outset of hostilities is what the super-arm is for ; and if it should be our former foe we face again it can at least be reckoned that he will not forgo his method of employing mass. Let Guernica, for instance, be multiplied the requisite number of times and we have the case of London. It is a lesson which we should learn well, as also that of Malaga. By adding to that well-known characteristic of his the bombardment tit-bit which London offers, even the word "precaution" assumes a milk-and-water hue.

The truth is that our authorities are busy again rocking the people to sleep ; crooning a lullaby instead of a song of awakening. These "hush-a-bye baby" tactics may once have been useful when war was a slow-drawn process and armies crept and crawled. Nowadays they are very apt to defeat their own ends. Hitherto the general public have not been intimately connected with the gory side of war. At a safe distance from the fighting they were upheld by the conflicting emotions, such as pride, patriotism and a sense of sacrifice, which were induced by the thought of battle far away ; even grief at personal loss possessed a noble distinction which was largely compensatory. They were in a gullible condition, and the optimism of human nature made them prone to swallow propaganda. All that has now gone for ever, and the bare, stark truth is what alone they deserve and what they should insist on. This time it is execution they will undergo, under massacre conditions, and loss of confidence in the measures taken for reprieve will have a dangerous reaction.

What, in sum, have they been told ? Ask your neighbour travelling on bus or tube or tram what he knows about it, and the answer will be a blank stare in most cases, or an entire lack of interest in some. Official pamphlets are available for money down, but why spend sixpence here and sixpence there in order to be educated at your own expense on a matter which affects

the safety of the realm ? These pamphlets ought to be distributed free of all charge to every adult citizen ; more especially when it is remembered that the outlay even of a copper comes hard to an enormous number of wage-earners who, owing to their crowded habitations, are the least protected of the populace. Municipalities and similar bodies throughout the country have formed committees to consider what can best be done on the lines of official advice. But there is a sordid squabble going on at present as to who should bear the gross charge, and meanwhile little is being done. The Red Cross is organizing lectures, and premises are given over for exhibition purposes, including hasty gas-proofing devices, masks and how to wear them, and decontaminating outfits. But the people who most matter, the working population, are not enticed to listen or to view ; there is thin attendance, and the voluntary nature of these efforts is not best calculated to disseminate knowledge in the widespread fashion which is demanded.

The utterances of Departmental officials on the occasions of their public appearances, and their statements on interview as quoted in the Press, do little to allay anxiety on the part of those who really want to know. Too often they are compounded of the simple, unsupported sort of declaration that all is well, with an admixture of fantasy. Gas-proof perambulators, for instance, is to be a line of inquiry in one direction. Mayfair mothers will no doubt rejoice at this example of prudent forethought for their little ones ; but the others in their multitude who make-do with a soap box on wheels, or at best a rickety, hoodless baby-carriage, are hard put to it to see sense in such suggestion. Again, should an incendiary bomb come through the roof it must be gathered in a long-handled shovel and dumped into a bucket of sand. But it develops a heat of 3,000 centigrade and would be unapproachable with such an implement ! In any case, unless it actually enters the homely gas-proofed room in which the family is assembled it could only be dealt with by forsaking temporarily that refuge, in which case the room becomes at once unsealed. Either you must let in the gas, or you must sniff the smell of burning and go on hoping for the best. The logic is all twisted. Such contradictions, of course, are not intended, but they do exist—to the bewilderment of the many : and they are gradually

inspiring a belief that the "precautions" are all moonshine, merely produced as proof that something is being done in default of anything really effectual to do.

Even this concentration on the gas problem is contradictory. We have been told that the effects of high explosive constitute the greatest danger ; that the incendiary bomb comes next in order ; and that lethal gas is the least of the three to be reckoned with. The question of providing bomb-proof shelter for the masses has been set aside, and rightly so, as utterly impracticable, but splinter-proofing on the necessary scale is not so. Yet nothing is being done. To counteract the incendiary we have the spade and bucket, it is true ; but no one can possibly regard that remedy as other than ridiculous. Gas, however, does not burst or burn ; it is not outwardly destructive, but insidious in its effects and slow. Every one in his time has seen a big explosion or a house on fire, but very few today can speak at first hand of the effects of lethal gas. The multitude is therefore very ready to accept the official pronouncements on the subject of protection from it, because it has no previous experience on which to build a criticism. Again, they are in a gullible condition, the more ready to believe what they are told because there is imaginative horror of gas in all men's minds, and they are like children anxious to be comforted.

It is small wonder, then, that prompt advantage has been taken of this state of mind, so that the least of all the dangers to be apprehended is the one against which the most is being done. For it is the only case in which there is anything for the individual to do and, by a fortunate coincidence, the anti-gas precautions as advised are directly contributory to that ordering of the populace which is best of all calculated to allay mob-panic and so preserve public morale. This deserves an explanation.

The golden rule for bombardment of any kind is dispersal, so that the effect on personnel is minimized. In the case of a city such as London no better form of dispersal can be imagined than the segregation of each family under its own roof. In this way the results are rigidly localized, when casualties occur. Immured in your own gas-proof room in your own dwelling, you may become aware that there is trouble a few doors off ; your own walls may reel to the shock of a nearby explosion ; the glare

of a conflagration may be reflected in your window glass. But you don't rush out to see if you can lend a hand ; first, because you have been told not to ; secondly, because there would be no point in it, and the instinct for the preservation of your family would deter you ; and thirdly, because you would be comfortably assured that professional helpers would soon be on the spot, well-trained in the niceties of the job, and properly equipped for it. If you should, indeed, carried away by your feeling of commiseration, dart forth, you would be promptly ordered in again by the police and special constables on patrol for this one purpose. So the principle of dispersal would be in full observance and, take it all in all, it is much best so. If people were allowed to react to panic unrepressed there would be a quick end to their spirit of resistance. Public morale must be preserved at all costs, for if the people suffer spiritual defeat the nation's will to war is broken, and a peace of humiliation will follow.

Short of evacuation, a measure quite impracticable in the case of a city the size of London, this policy of indoor dispersal, as it might be called, is eminently sound. Evacuation, even if it were a feasible undertaking, would have to be effected in anticipation of attack to justify itself, for the first assault will be by surprise, and the mass movement by train and road, if we waited on our enemy, would involve the very opposite of the dispersal policy, to our huge discomfiture. Moreover, it is not only Londoners who reside in London, in a certain manner of speaking. A quarter of our total population are utterly dependent on its port, and its distributing facilities, for their food and every amenity of life. Material destruction is a necessary accompaniment to loss of life or limb, and for these outside masses to be stricken thus would throw an extra, and an unbearable, weight on the machine of government. Food supplies, store houses, drinking reservoirs, abattoirs—these cannot wear gas masks.

In point of fact, the official precautionary measures are both right and wrong, if such a thing can be. They are right in a strategic sense, for they do impress on people the need to stay at home, and the casualty roll will naturally not mount so high if the population is thus dispersed. But they are tactically at fault, for they issue a promise of safety from the effects of lethal gas which fixes minds on the least of the dangers to be feared,

involving measures some of which are contradictory and others absurd. It is a gulling system to say the least, and the people don't deserve it. It carries its own seed of danger, too, for if it becomes quickly known, as it will, that the bright promise is not fulfilled, then confusion will be worse confounded. Above all, it is provocative of informed and hostile criticism from men and women whose voices do not necessarily cry in the wilderness. There would be no complaint if only the bare truth were told that only a measure of protection can be afforded, that the people must endure, and that there is no such thing as complete security.

Recently a group of Cambridge scientists investigated the official anti-gas precautionary measures and found them wanting. They were, it is true, grouped pacifically as well as scientifically, being professedly "anti-war." But they all hold Masterships of Art, and the tone of their report, published in book form, demonstrates to the hilt that truth was their concern. The summary of the results thus gained is food for thought. With regard to the amateur "gas-proof" room, which they tested in three different ways, the finding was that, if the air outside contained enough gas to kill in one hour, then the proofing would enable life to be sustained for thrice that period of time; a rider being added to the effect that completely gas-tight rooms can only be constructed, at great expense, by experts. Concerning the civilian-type gas-mask, they found that it would in fact afford protection against a concentration of chlorine for some hours. Against mustard gas, however, the most likely to be used in quantity, which attacks the whole surface of the body, the protection by mask is of a very limited nature. With regard to the incendiary bomb, which was also investigated, they point out that in the case of a combined gas and incendiary attack the official advice is conflicting and impossible of being put into practice. Finally, they indicate the difficulties of protecting children under the age of five by means of masks, adding a reminder that adequate methods of solving this most serious problem have not as yet been proposed by the Home Office.

This group of scientific individuals has perhaps not really appreciated the principle of dispersal, and, it must be added, it is not constructive criticism that they offer. But they have exposed

the tactical falsity of the official methods employed, and their labours will arouse in many minds resentment against the childish treatment to which we are being subjected. Here is the thing in a nutshell.

Conditions can be ameliorated by strict observance of the injunction to stay at home, because dispersal is the antidote to any form of bombing. Direct hits by high explosive will annihilate. Conflagrations, caused by the incendiary, must get out of hand. And as to gas, by a due observance of the precautions issued more people will survive than would otherwise be the case. That is what we want to know, and what we ought to be told. With the truth before our eyes we can at least brace ourselves against the day. The spirit of resistance is in the people, and it is much better to know the worst than to come suddenly upon it.

RHAPSODY ON A TAILOR'S MIRROR

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

ARUM-LOOKING old devil, but he has his points. Full-face, with his stone-coloured eyes, his shock of grey hair ; the short, pointed, wavy beard in the midst of which the lips show bare, red, and moist ; the subtle, rather beautiful modelling of the head, face and neck, set on good square shoulders : he is, it must be admitted, rather noble. The eyes—let us give the devil his due—are both penetrating and benevolent, and those red, lithe lips are critical, discriminating, and lustful, too, the lips of a wine-bibber (hear them smack parrotlike at a fine Burgundy !), yes, of an epicure in all the pleasures ; in Chaucer's wicked phrase, a " likerous mouth."

But pivot him round into profile and there comes an unfortunate change. He's a little man, God bless us, and tubby, and—regrettable revelation—he has a pointed, enquiring, dicky-bird nose. Look how aggressively yet absurdly impertinent it grows when he tilts his head and points the thing—no better than a robin's beak—into the air. And that action tips up the beard : it juts out, you see, detached from his throat, a weakly, pugnacious, billy-goat growth. And, a foot below it, another protuberance, serene and unashamed—his round, submerged football of a belly. Yes, seen sideways a ridiculous little man : yet still something impressive survives in the brow and the poise of the head and shoulders. Turn him further round, to a vanishing profile and, alas, a vanishing dignity. No ! As long as that ludicrous nose remains visible we can do nothing for him. Look at it now, bright, perky, hopelessly inadequate. And something, now, something unfortunate, has happened to the back of the head : there is a shortcoming here, a meagreness ; it pokes too far forward from the plane of the shoulder-blades, giving him an air of timid patience, of feeble apology.

Well, there he is. Why blink the fact ? For these details are

indications of certain qualities, most of them regrettable qualities, in our friend, and what exists must be accepted. We accept him, then, in all his aspects ; we resign ourselves to the nose, since noses can be altered only by motor-accidents, and then generally for the worse. As for the qualities, they may perhaps be modified by the mere fact of acceptance. Revolve him again and we shall find consolation ; for now, thank God, the fatal nose has vanished and a certain measure of dignity has returned.

The belly, too, has suffered eclipse, and that, in the case of our specimen, is an advantage, for belly achieves magnificence only in men proportionately tall. Now we are free to appreciate those shoulders again, and to note how young and straight is the back : from this angle the back of the head, too, is unexpectedly satisfactory. As for the face—what we see of it—that subtly wavering outline from topknot to chin, deeply and darkly notched where the brow scoops suddenly into the cavity of the eye, is extraordinarily good, truly beautiful ; brow, cheek, and chin finely related and the small ears set high, so that the curve of the jaw sweeps from ear-lobe to chin in a line which combines the delicate cleanness of early youth with the calm strength of maturity. Observe, too, the colour and quality of the flesh, how firm, fresh, and ruddy. Belly or no belly, he is a man of moderation : his excesses, if he has any, are not physical.

Well, there he is, for what he's worth ; and before Mr. Harkness arrives to interrupt us with buttonless waistcoat—vest, as he calls it—and the still rudimentary jacket copiously basted with white thread, let us turn our specimen round until once again nose and belly are in the ascendant, and, holding him there for a moment, let us laugh at him whole-heartedly, without shame or malice and, above all, without pity, for the ridiculous was made to be laughed at, and why should we waste our opportunity ? Besides, there is a subtle medicine in our laughter, for the more heartily we laugh, the less laughable, the more truly noble, he becomes, till at last, perhaps, even belly and nose, once the outward and visible signs of inward absurdities, are no longer supported by the absurdities they symbolized and take on a reflected nobility.

The door of the little mahogany cubicle clicks open, and I turn from my self-contemplation to receive the apologies of Mr.

Harkness. "Very sorry to keep you waiting, Sir. Our cutter had mislaid your trousers."

* * * * *

I take credit to myself for being able—at last, after a life of well over half a century—to face my tailor's mirror with perfect equanimity; and by that I mean not only without shame, but without vanity. It is a curious and significant engine, your tailor's mirror: it presents to you aspects of your outward man which you never see elsewhere, unless you are a film-star or a public personage. The film, of course, except that it has not yet the actuality of a reflection, is even more drastic than the mirror, because it affords so much more scope for movement. In a film you would be free to detect the unsuspected peculiarities of your gait, the deplorable ineptness of your run. In a few years, I suppose, when the film and the gramophone have reached perfection, you will be able to stand aside, as it were, and watch and listen to yourself—your all but very self—living, moving, chattering, and having your idiotic being. Lord, what an exposure! What a purgation! What an exorcism of all the ghosts of vanity, false modesty, diffidence, and self-pity! Who but an ass could have any illusions about himself after that? If each of us, from his childhood up, could have witnessed a weekly talkie-movie of himself, should we not now be immune from God knows how many of the major and minor insanities that make us what we are today?

But now the fitting is over. Mr. Harkness, using me as a mere dummy for the purposes of his art, has walked round me, towered above me, crouched at my feet, has pinched and patted, pulled and plucked, lifted one and then another arm, bent it at right-angles, dropped it, has attacked me with an open pen-knife and ruthlessly ripped out and torn off my right sleeve, has stuck pins into me till I bristle like a Saint Sebastian, played noughts-and-crosses with a flat lozenge of chalk on my chest and stomach until, in the mirror, I resemble nothing so much as a schoolroom blackboard after an arithmetic-lesson, and, lastly, he has cautiously peeled off this mockery of a coat and waistcoat and these pin-infested trousers and has left me, as he knows I prefer to be left, to dress myself. But before I begin, I turn myself once more—just as I am, coatless, trouserless, in

my shirt, pants, and sock-suspenders : most uncompromising, most ludicrous of all human trappings—to that most ridiculous of all my aspects, throw back my head, tilt up my dicky-bird nose, shoot out my billy-goat beard, and suddenly, before I can check myself, burst into a loud guffaw that rings through the shop. I hear footsteps ; the door clicks open and Mr. Harkness's head appears. " Anything the matter, Sir ? "

" On the contrary, Mr. Harkness," I reply. " For the first time in a life of fifty-seven years, there is nothing, or next to nothing, the matter. I was laughing at myself. Congratulate me ! Only one thing is lacking, and that you can supply. Come in for a moment, Mr. Harkness."

Mr. Harkness, puzzled and a little uncomfortable, comes in, cautiously closing the door behind him. " Now look at that." I point to the left wing of the mirror and throw back my head.

Mr. Harkness, deferential little man, regards the spectacle with admirable self-control and then glances back at me.

" Come, Mr. Harkness ! Have you never seen a robin snapping at a fly ? Have you never seen a billy-goat seized by a sudden suspicion ? Look again." I nod my head up and down, wag it from side to side to encourage him.

Mr. Harkness visibly weakens ; his face crumples, his eyes glitter, his lips quiver, and at last a discreet little neigh escapes him. " Aha ! " I say. " You see what I mean."

Mr. Harkness, his lips still tremulous with laughter, assures me that he does not see what I mean, but he has given me the ultimate test that I needed ; he has laughed at me—his desperate attempt to disguise it has made the fact only the more searching—and I have not quailed before his laughter. Yes, this is the final proof of maturity : not only can I laugh at myself, but I can receive without humiliation the laughter of others. Cyrano, M. Rostand's Cyrano—you remember all that skilfully rhymed ridicule that he heaped on his own nose—fell short of the final manhood : he refused to tolerate the laughter of others and so proved himself an incurable romantic. I have gone one further than Cyrano : I know my outward self, I accept it, I have no illusions.

THE VICTORIAN CENTENARY

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

THERE is no period of modern history to which we can set more precise limits than to the Victorian era. It stands out even more definitely than the age of Louis XIV. The Queen's accession one hundred years ago marked the unmistakable end of a chapter, and the close of her reign, in the first year of the new century, befell with at least an equal appropriateness of time and public events. We stand now at a sufficient distance from that close, so that the making of a rough estimate of the epoch should not seem too presumptuous. What was the Victorian age, and how nearly did it approach supreme importance for England and the British people? Can we say that the nineteenth century should, for vital significance, for experience and achievement, be deemed equal, say, to the end of the Middle Ages or the age of Elizabeth and Shakespeare?

This question one would be disposed to answer with an emphatic Yes, for reasons which may be stated in the form of simple assertion upon three cardinal points. First, Victoria began her reign when the Industrial Revolution was passing out of its first momentous stage. By the time she entered upon her long elderhood, steam and the machine had been established as the governing agency of our society: the tempo of Western civilization had been decisively changed. Secondly, the discoveries of Science and the application of scientific method had enlarged the empire of man, in time and space, to a degree beyond the imagination of all preceding ages: the intellectual universe had been transformed. And, thirdly, through the advance of knowledge and free inquiry among the commonalty, the mind of man in general had been at last delivered from the major terrors of superstition. The lad and girl who were no older than Victoria in 1837, and lived out a full span of life with her, were enabled, if situated amid tolerable circumstances,

to enjoy as their portion in this pilgrimage a wondrous passage from darkness to light. Because of what was done and thought during a single marvellous half-century, the cloud over man's spirit had at last been dispersed.

In the chronicles of the nineteenth century no occurrence is more familiar than the incident of June 20th. With the advent of Queen Victoria the nation had a sense of relief which was virtually unanimous. The three sovereigns who preceded her had let the throne down to near zero mark. In the words of a writer of the present season, the trio consisted of a lunatic, a profligate cad, and a buffoon; and therefore all "chivalrous sentiment could gather about a Crown personified by a fresh young girl instead of selfish dirty old men." Thomas Carlyle caught a glimpse of her in the Park on the eve of the coronation: "She is a decidedly pretty-looking little creature—health, clearness, graceful timidity looking out from her young face." She had ascended a glorious throne. The loss of the American Colonies had been more than made good. A band of explorers, soldiers, and governing adventurers were continually adding to the territories of the Crown. Despite the follies of kings and the horrors of the new industrial system, England had plainly become the dominant Power. William Pitt, not long before Trafalgar, declared that we had a revenue equal to all Europe, a navy equal to all Europe, and a commerce greater than that of all Europe; and, wrote the friend who recorded this boast, "he added laughingly, to make us quite gentlemen, a debt as large as that of all Europe." By the fourth decade of the century the British people had attained the consciousness of power and expansion and boundless resources. Their assurance of a special mission was overwhelming.

It is first of all the violence of the contrasts, political and social, by which we are struck as we look back to the opening of the Victorian age. The welcome accorded to the girl Queen did not imply that the majority of the people had any strong feeling of attachment to the monarchy: George IV and his successor had damaged the Crown too seriously for that. Victoria looked upon Lord Melbourne as the ideal Prime Minister, and she would have had a sense of disaster if a Tory victory had compelled her to send at once for Peel. By 1841, when this

happened, she was much better prepared. But already in 1837 the Whig Ministry had outstayed its welcome, and long before its easygoing head was driven out of office, a Whig so wholehearted as Macaulay was admitting that the Government had become a wretched survival. Its record of legislation down to 1835 was most notable, yet here again a glaring contrast was recognized by all politicians. The new Poor Law of 1834 was, for its authors and the House of Commons, a piece of legislation certainly no less salutary than the Municipal Corporations Act of the following year; but in the country generally it aroused a loathing that went beyond anything known among the working folk until the Means Test of our own day. The scandals of the old Poor Law had been carried beyond all tolerance. What more convincing proof of this could be cited than the fact that upon the need of drastic change Carlyle was in agreement with Harriet Martineau herself? Yet the new Poor Law was the one vital issue of the election in the Queen's first year, and we may be certain that without this provocation the Chartist membership could never have approached the 1,500,000 to which Carlyle was calling eloquent attention by the beginning of 1839.

Chartism came as a menacing sequel to the millennial hopes of the parliamentary reformers. In the triumphant agitation of 1830-32, no feature had been more revealing than the fervour with which the new labour organizations reinforced the middle-class demand for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." But within a few years the working classes were to realize that this was exactly what they had obtained—the Bill and nothing but it. Chartism meant "the bitter discontent grown fierce and mad"; and perhaps to us a hundred years later the most surprising thing is that the awakened workers of England, betrayed by a House of Commons in which they had no part at all, should show themselves so completely what we call Victorian in their devotion to the pure representative principle. The Charter drafted by Francis Place in 1838 was entirely concerned with parliamentary machinery. But we should not be misled by the celebrated demands, for in the movement itself, of course, there was something far deeper than the six points. The first Chartist petition to the House of Commons included this paragraph:

We, your petitioners, dwell in a land whose merchants are noted for their enterprise, whose manufacturers are very skilful, and whose workmen are proverbial for their industry. The land itself is goodly, the soil rich, and the temperature wholesome. It is abundantly furnished with materials of commerce and trade; it has numerous and convenient harbours; in facility of internal communication it exceeds all others. For three-and-twenty years we have enjoyed a profound peace. Yet, with all these elements of national prosperity, and with every disposition and capacity to take advantage of them, we find ourselves overwhelmed with public and private suffering. . . . Our workmen are starving; capital brings no profit and labour no remuneration; the home of the artificer is desolate, and the warehouse of the pawnbroker is full. . . . We have searched diligently in order to find out the causes of a distress so sore and so long-continued. We can discover none in nature or in Providence.

The early Victorian agitators, as we know, were masters of impassioned declamation. Who shall say that the voice of these workmen was any less effective than the famous first chapter of *Past and Present* in which Carlyle, making exactly the same point, broke out, five years later, against the criminal folly of the scene he had witnessed outside the workhouse at St. Ives?

The most terrible period of modern England—or at least the period whose terrors we know most fully—falls between the Reform Act and the collapse of Chartism in 1848. And we may note in passing that it was in the last stage of this sixteen-years period that an illustrious historian achieved an unparalleled success with the publication of his first two volumes. They contained that brilliant and fallacious third chapter—pure milk of the Macaulayan gospel. The philosophy (if that is the word) of this incomparable picture of England at the death of Charles II could be grasped by the simplest reader. He was asked to believe that England since the seventeenth century had moved forward as nearly as possible in a right line, and therefore that social improvement in a land so blest as ours must continue indefinitely. Macaulay was a man of fine nature, and in personal habit exceedingly generous. But the condition-of-the-people question did not greatly disturb him; and had he not many years before (1830), when reviewing Southey, made a ringing prophecy of England's still greater glory?

The hideous social consequences of the industrial revolution were of necessity visible first of all in the dismal spread of the manufacturing towns. We to-day are living in a time when the

most elementary student of the population problem is prepared to argue that Malthus deserves a place among the completely false prophets, since he was not able to foresee the reduction of the devastating torrent of babies (John Morley's phrase) to something rather like a hesitant trickle of new life. Our young contemporaries cannot imagine a time when over-population was a haunting certainty. Yet it needs no more than a glance at a few statistics of urban growth to make the thing actual enough. In 1801, Leeds was a town of 53,000; in 1851, of 172,000. Manchester and Salford—the first urban area to feel the impact of the new industrialism—had 90,000 in 1801. Fifty years later the population was 400,000—and the major part of this huge community fell at that time within the limits of a single ecclesiastical parish. Similar figures, if not quite so sensational, were furnished by every county of the newly industrialized North and Midlands. They were not indicative of any process that could be described as civic growth. They implied merely the springing up and extension of deadly urban districts—a combination of factory and dormitory—which might or might not have an old market-town as nucleus. "Do you mean to tell me that the workpeople live in those hovels?" asked a visitor of one Mr. Gradgrind, as he was being shown over. "Certainly not: they live in my mills; they only sleep there."

That most valuable of practical visionaries, Robert Owen, began his long public services by stimulating the first Sir Robert Peel in the direction of factory legislation. He was the first manufacturer to come forward and put the enlightened employer's case for shorter hours; and since he was himself a successful mill-owner, he could not be laughed out of court. Owen moved on to consumers' co-operation and working-class organization (he was the original prophet of the One Big Union), and he threw out ideas of popular education and other matters which kept their vitality to the end of the Victorian age. It was Owen's testimony before the pioneer committee of industrial inquiry which began the systematic exposure of the new serfdom, and broke ground for the factory legislation with which the name of Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury) is inseparably linked. Between the two Factory Acts of 1833 and 1847 the appalling indictment

was built up. From the parliamentary and special reports which ushered in the horrible 'Forties, the comfortable classes of England learned of children of seven years or less toiling in the mines from twelve to fifteen hours, pushing cars through 18-inch passages or carrying loads of half-a-hundredweight of coal; of children hardly out of the cradle being carried out by their fathers before the winter dawn, and kept in the mill from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. at work that was defended as suitable for babes because it did not call for effort all the time; being beaten by the foreman to keep them at it, or beaten by the parent himself lest they should fall into the less merciful hands of the taskmaster.

Schools for all came to be the aim of the reformers forty years at least before the establishment of national compulsory education. But not all reformers and missionaries believed in the school. Cobbett, always a countryman, was hostile, and Shaftesbury's idea of instruction corresponded with his favourite social agency, the Ragged School.

So miserable, too, was the teaching—kept down to a very low level by the monitorial method—that late as 1845 it was asserted that 75 per cent. of the children leaving school were unable to read, while over 40 per cent. of the adults were still marking the census paper with a cross.

Rapidly after the middle of the century the most conservative of politicians were convinced that elementary education for the masses had become a necessity, if only as a means of putting a stop to that incredibly vicious substitute for training—the freedom to run loose in the streets—of which the elder Weller was a genial exponent. Mr. Weller had no converts among the responsible authorities. They all knew well enough the probable fate of boys and girls bred amid the conditions of the Black Country and left to the mercies of the gutter in the brief interval before the factory doors closed upon them. And yet, as Walter Hook, the once-famous reforming Vicar of Leeds, pointed out, every charity sermon had to contain an earnest repetition of the argument that education for the children of the poor was not to be feared as a danger to the social system.

The marvel was, not that the 'Forties were the affrighting period we know them to have been, but rather that they produced so remarkable a crop of genuine democratic movements. It was

in this decade that the sterling qualities of the English working people began to reveal themselves in movements of which the motive power lay within themselves. The Rochdale pioneers of co-operation (so much more famous, apparently, in the English-speaking countries oversea than in their own land) were an entirely indigenous group, as were the followers of Joseph Livesey and the other Lancashire teetotallers who believed that abstinence from alcoholic liquor was a certain road to the social redemption of their fellows. And by the bye, in the presence of the results of the notorious Beer Act (1830) and the congested Little Irelands of the industrial centres after the potato famine, it could not have been very difficult for teetotal evangelists to make out a plausible case. The working people were still unschooled, but the determined upper stratum of an atrociously oppressed class had realized that there could be no substitute for organized self-help. Thrift societies sprang up in surprising numbers, and they displayed in their management a standard of ability and integrity which affords noteworthy evidence of the influence in public life exerted by the dissenting chapel. The free-library movement was another illustration, while the general level of the audiences which listened to Cobden and made the success of John Bright's campaign for a democratic franchise in the 'Sixties (ten years before Gladstone became monarch of the platform), provided a sufficient demonstration of the completeness with which the fear of revolution had passed away from England. "To attend a place of worship," it has been said, "to abstain from spirits, to read a serious newspaper and put money in the savings bank, was in 1840 as good an ideal as could be set before a man." It seemed so, no doubt, to all middle-class friends of the working people, but the passion that the more imaginative leaders threw into their writings and speeches made it plain enough that they were not thinking of a working class version of the Utilitarian creed, effective though that creed was proving itself to be in legislation and departmental planning. The insurgency of the 'Forties was inspired, as the Hammonds have insisted, by a deep and complex sense of evil. The popular leaders had "a steady and responsible quarrel with the conditions of their lives." Men and women "knew that they were the victims of wrong, and that something was

false in their world. In the life of the modern industrial town beauty was allowed no place at all, and the essentials of a tolerable standard of health and decency were still far off: "to make a society of men who are sick is to make a sick society." True it is, no doubt that Chartism and Owenite Socialism accomplished little in the concrete; but they were both seminal movements of incalculable influence.

It is natural enough for us now to take Prince Albert's Great Exhibition of 1851 as a beginning of the forty years that must always be looked upon as the veritable Victorian age. One is tempted to argue that its essential characteristics were passing away before the first Jubilee was reached. Mr. G. M. Young, to whom we owe the most discerning and most brilliantly condensed summary of the period,* is of opinion that the 'Fifties of the nineteenth century were of all times the best to be young in; by 1860 the whole world was the Englishman's home, and his country was at peace. There is not a little to be said for Mr. Young's view, but a remark of Mr. Birrell's is not inapt: "The only thing that is left of the world into which I was born in 1850 is human nature!" And we cannot overlook two things in this connection—that the 1850s were too soon from the standpoint of a man or woman surviving to greet the neo-Georgian epoch, and that in order to enjoy the mid-Victorian decade one had to be a member of a privileged and restricted class. Given a right position in the social scheme, all was wonderfully well. Dr. Inge is right in saying that no society in the modern age, or it may be in any age, can have had matters arranged for the inheritors of privilege—which means especially the upper-middles—more favourably than for those who were growing up in England before 1880. The young Henry James tasted and enjoyed that existence some sixty years ago and, he remarks, it came upon him time and again that in no age can it have been "so fortunate to *be* fortunate" as in the England he then knew. Again to quote Mr. Young:

It was the good fortune of England . . . to confront a sudden access of power, prosperity, and knowledge, with a solidly grounded code of duty and self-restraint. . . . Released from fear the English mind was recovering its power to speculate, to wonder, and to enjoy. The dissolvent elements in

* *Victorian England: Portrait of an Age*. Oxford University Press.

Early Victorian thought—romance and humour and curiosity, the Catholicising of Oxford, the satire of Dickens, the passion of Carlyle, the large historic vision of Grote and Lyell and Arnold, were beginning to work. One of the last survivors of the mid-Victoria time spoke of those years as having the sustained excitement of a religious revival.

Everything seemed right, or coming right, with England. The Crimean War, a disturbing memory, was over. British India had survived the Mutiny, and imperial authority had replaced the strange anomaly of the East India Company. The Queen had still a wise statesman-Consort at her side, and certainly in the esteem of the middle classes he did not lose anything because his German industry and thoroughness made the aristocracy look at him askance. Britain and Greater Britain had a look of unchallengeable prosperity and solidity. Not the solar system itself, as Harriet Martineau had said of England in the Great Duke's day, appeared to be more stable.

England was the home of genius, the nursery of great men—although there was a certain irony in the fact that the prophet of heroes and hero-worship was plainly not aware that the contemporaries who came in so continuous a stream to the modest Chelsea house included not a few whose names might be no less enduring than those he was wont to proclaim (in God's name or the Devil's!) as the men of Might and Right, mankind's "undoubted kings." Before the end of the decade which Mr. Young would have chosen to be young in, all the great Victorians had declared themselves by their work, and most of them had already passed the zenith: the men of letters and of action, the openers of Africa and builders of Empire, the quiet men in black coats and queer whiskers who were looking into the nooks and crannies of the temple of life and matter, and voyaging through strange seas of thought alone. The year of the intellectual and spiritual revolution, of course, is 1859.

The great question as to the validity of Darwin's generalization is not relevant to the central issue of the Victorian mind. The point is that the publication of *The Origin of Species* three-quarters of a century ago was the continental divide in modern thought. It made a gulf between intelligences which is comparable with one earlier event alone, the promulgation of the Copernican theory. After 1859 the key-word was evolution,

false in their world. In the life of the modern industrial town beauty was allowed no place at all, and the essentials of a tolerable standard of health and decency were still far off: "to make a society of men who are sick is to make a sick society." True it is, no doubt that Chartism and Owenite Socialism accomplished little in the concrete; but they were both seminal movements of incalculable influence.

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* *Victorian England: Portrait of an Age*. Oxford University Press.

Early Victorian thought—romance and humour and curiosity, the Catholicising of Oxford, the satire of Dickens, the passion of Carlyle, the large historic vision of Grote and Lyell and Arnold, were beginning to work. One of the last survivors of the mid-Victoria time spoke of those years as having the sustained excitement of a religious revival.

Everything seemed right, or coming right, with England. The Crimean War, a disturbing memory, was over. British India had survived the Mutiny, and imperial authority had replaced the strange anomaly of the East India Company. The Queen had still a wise statesman-Consort at her side, and certainly in the esteem of the middle classes he did not lose anything because his German industry and thoroughness made the aristocracy look at him askance. Britain and Greater Britain had a look of unchallengeable prosperity and solidity. Not the solar system itself, as Harriet Martineau had said of England in the Great Duke's day, appeared to be more stable.

England was the home of genius, the nursery of great men—although there was a certain irony in the fact that the prophet of heroes and hero-worship was plainly not aware that the contemporaries who came in so continuous a stream to the modest Chelsea house included not a few whose names might be no less enduring than those he was wont to proclaim (in God's name or the Devil's!) as the men of Might and Right, mankind's "undoubted kings." Before the end of the decade which Mr. Young would have chosen to be young in, all the great Victorians had declared themselves by their work, and most of them had already passed the zenith: the men of letters and of action, the openers of Africa and builders of Empire, the quiet men in black coats and queer whiskers who were looking into the nooks and crannies of the temple of life and matter, and voyaging through strange seas of thought alone. The year of the intellectual and spiritual revolution, of course, is 1859.

The great question as to the validity of Darwin's generalization is not relevant to the central issue of the Victorian mind. The point is that the publication of *The Origin of Species* three-quarters of a century ago was the continental divide in modern thought. It made a gulf between intelligences which is comparable with one earlier event alone, the promulgation of the Copernican theory. After 1859 the key-word was evolution,

and it would seem to one like myself (an outsider in this realm) that the long dispute in reference to the major road of biological development cannot be nearly so important for sociology or social ethics as, let us say, the everlasting conflict between determinists and free-willers. And surely, the core of the controversy concerning the value and standing of the eminent Victorians must turn in the main upon the attitude of the greatest among them towards the new knowledge and the results attained by scientific method. For many years now we have indulged in an intermittent debate upon the relative greatness of the Victorians, their prospects of survival, and especially the essential quality of their contribution to thought. A distinguished university teacher of the last generation used to say that the main defect of nearly all the Victorian leaders was that they took intellectual work too lightly. Graham Wallas, I am sure, did not include in his list of successful slackers the Darwins and Faradays and Huxleys, but he certainly would not have omitted the names of certain celebrated prophets of the mid-century and some fashionable reconcilers of science and theological tradition. Archbishop Whately's test of intellectual integrity is, I suggest, one that we must apply to the most eminent Victorians, as also to not a few of their prominent successors who are still with us. The Victorians, greater and less alike, our generation is fond of condemning on account of narrowness and sectarianism, of fear and prudery and complacency—especially, perhaps, the last. But let us not forget the important fact, of which Mr. Young reminds us, that the great century was one of amazing variety, and that there are a great many things we call Victorian which are known to us only because the Victorians themselves laughed at them.

ART AND MAN

BY RANDALL SWINGLER

EVERY section of the world is in itself, in its entirety, too complex a thing to be completely apprehended by our vision. What we do apprehend, however, should be a true and balanced totality of the salient features. If our visual faculties have developed aright, they will have been trained to select the essence of a scene in as highly articulated a form as possible. And this development should continue through our lives, so that we are seeing more and more of the pattern of the world all the time, as our vision increases in articulation.

Thus, the most important function of Art is actually to train our way of seeing ; *not*, as some suppose, to show us what the world is like by producing visual imitations of its objects, but so to enliven first, and then organize, our faculties of vision, that we may be perpetually finding out for ourselves, and as accurately as possible, what the world is like. Artists compel us to see new patterns, new possibilities in the world around us, and by so forcing us, make our instrument of sight more sensitive, more highly trained for its task.

Most of us today suffer from the fact that we do not look at all. We see the world at second-hand. Our vision has been conditioned by the artistic fashion of our grandfathers, which means that we see the world as it appears to us from their pictures. When we say, as we so often do, of modern pictures : " It is not true, because it is not like life," we are really saying : " It is not like the pictures upon which I was brought up." If I say that my vision of the world has been moulded by Burne-Jones, Watts, Rossetti, and consequently I call everything which is like them " beautiful," and if I then start to reject Cézanne, Monet, Van Gogh, or even Picasso, Braque, Matisse, saying that they are " ugly " or " unreal," all I am saying is : " Because I have been taught to see this way, every other way is wrong."

It is against all such stagnation, such inhibition of our visual

faculties that true artistic activity is directed. No man can ever claim to have reproduced the completeness of reality, or the reality of completeness. But the history of art is the history of Man's gradually widening and deepening understanding of the appearance of things. Art is genuine, not if it presents to us a new aspect of an object, but if it really makes us look in an entirely new way : if, in fact, it changes our activity of looking. Then it is justifiably a new vision, an extension of what was understood through sight before. It is false if it is no more than a clever re-presentation of an already established vision, an old picture rehashed. Art does not present a new world to us, nor the world seen in a new way. The artist is no dictator. He is more of a research scientist. His validity depends upon his ability to enable us to see differently by reorganizing the whole complicated arrangement of our sight-recording apparatus, the response of memory to its vibrations, and finally the imaginative synthesis that the mind achieves between those two ; which is the whole process of our visual perception. Art makes our visual record more sensitive, our memory response more expansive and more intense, and the resulting synthesis, the emotional satisfaction, deeper and larger.

But there have been periods in history, and particularly English history, when the activity of the artists themselves has become falsified, owing to the position into which that activity was pushed by the arrangement of their society. During these periods the vision of artists was no longer original and vital, but was nourished at second-hand, not on the forms and rhythms of life, but on the pictures of their contemporaries or predecessors. And Art concerned itself not with the development of real vision, but with certain tricks that could be done with paint, or with emotional or moral associations of the subjects chosen. In consequence of this an idea has grown up that it is the business of Art to transport the spectator into an ideal world, or to elevate him morally by the depiction of heroic subjects, or to recall the happy days of his childhood, or heaven knows what corrupt motive left over to us by Landseer and the Pre-Raphaelites, and academic portrait painters of today. The sole business of Visual Art is to excite and organize the visual faculties of Man. All other effects are irrelevant and fortuitous.

London has recently been the scene of two representative exhibitions which provide an interesting contrast. The first is the exhibition of the Unity of Artists (organized in connection with the first British Artists Congress). Its sponsors consider that art should so assert its social force as to declare its opposition to a system of social organization which is destructive to Art and all social culture, and, through the wars it advocates and ultimately begets, to humanity itself. The other is the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy, which, as we know from our papers, is little more than an exhibition of social snobbery. There the only pictures which make any impression on anybody, are the fashionable portraits of kings, queens, millionaires and film-actresses, and the occasional "problem-picture," in which the problem has certainly nothing to do with Art, but is a pointless game of finding out what literary parable the picture is meant to illustrate. Roughly, the first of these two exhibitions is based upon a real concern for artistic activity, and whether it will be allowed to survive and continue : the second upon a real concern for the income of the painter, through flattery of the rich, who can afford to buy his pictures and entertain him in their houses.

In a recent book*—both exciting and authoritative—Mr. William Johnstone has traced and accounted for the real artistic tradition in England : the tradition of what he graphically calls "adventure in Art." The adventure for the artist is the exploration of new formal distinctions, new rhythms, new possibilities in design. For the spectator it is the excitement of being forced to see in a new way, the æsthetic delight of a new harmony of understanding. This is the thing which Art creates, a new relation between man and his world. By this means alone a man's life is changed willy-nilly through the influence of the Art he contemplates, for he himself is changed in relation to the world he lives in. Henceforth he will respond differently to situations, and in proportion to that impact also he will act differently.

Mr. Johnstone's book is important, first, because it has none of the cowardice which has beset both artists and art-critics of late, and has set up as a screen around them that intellectual snobbery and general obfuscation which has made the name of Art abhorrent to a great many honest men : and further, because

* *Creative Art in England*, by William Johnstone. (Stanley Nott.)

Mr. Johnstone really knows what it is to be a creative artist and also a teacher of art. He can state with authority, not only how false art comes about and is nourished, but also, and most valuably, how true art should be nourished and developed. Most modern criticism of any art is written under a prevailing intellectual fear. Critics, terrified of seeming less erudite or less refined than their contemporaries, and so losing their position in the prevailing "racket" of fashion, whittle down their tastes and approbations to a hair's breadth, and under the appearance of enunciating the last word in artistic judgment, in fact conceal an abysmal uncertainty of the whole nature of art. Mr. Johnstone is positive: he knows what Art is, and is not afraid to show it. Half of his book is taken up with a rich and exquisite selection of illustrations, often arranged for comparison in exciting and revealing juxtapositions, as when he places an Anglo-Saxon embossed plate next to a drawing by Picasso, or an entirely neglected carving from Winchester Cathedral opposite to a much-belauded Chinese horse of the T'ang Dynasty.

What becomes clear from Mr. Johnstone's thesis is that Art has always been most exciting and most alive when most natural and communal. When it has become specialized, it has immediately become flaccid and decadent, or empty and mannered. None of his Anglo-Saxon examples is an *objet d'art*: there are pieces of incidental sculpture from churches, tombs, or mace-heads, strap-ends, bits, or illuminations from MS. Artistic activity at that time was involved in every other common activity of social life. Later, when the artist was thrown on the mercy of the patron's vanity, there was less scope for his impulse, he was forced to confine himself to the area of a canvas. And in our day, in a society where the amassing of private property is the only social end, the function of the artist has become completely isolated from the general life: the artist is hard put to it to find a justification for his existence at all.

The fact is that great art has only flourished in societies in which the end of life was living. For Art concerns itself with living, and with nothing else. In a society like our own, not concerned with living, but with amassing private wealth, there is no place for true art. For art cannot subscribe to the end of private profit without destroying itself. But all other functions

of our society, including that paramount one, education, are bent upon this end. And so through our education a rigid distinction has grown up between Culture and Utility. Culture as an asset is only useful in so far as it furthers the individual's end of social advancement : and it is only justifiable in so far as it is useful. (There is, of course, also another kind of pseudo-culture provided by the cinema, the theatre, and the novel, which is the individual's escape from the obligation and stress of the money-making motive. Art, as escape, is another of the falsifications into which it is forced by the deprivation of its true social function.) In a society concerned with the betterment of life, the distinction between Art and Utility simply would not occur. In an earlier age it did not occur. For anything was useful which made men more alive, and that was Art's chief faculty and delight. Unfortunately in our society, anything which succeeds in making the individual more alive must also succeed in making him wish to change a social arrangement which is designed to inhibit his powers of life and progress from the start, and to set him firmly upon a path which his own free development would never have taken. And it is for this reason that it is to the advantage of our present social system to keep Art out of life, and to encourage all the little outcrops of false Art, growing up quite harmlessly like fungi on the surface of the profit-making system, and thereby constituting a safety-valve for the irrepressible artistic activity in man, and turning that activity to contempt or unimportance in the eyes of the majority of commonsense people. That is why the appendix to Mr. Johnstone's book, on Art and Education, is perhaps the most important part of the book, and certainly one of the most important contributions to the whole practice of Art that has been made for a long time. For there we have delineated in the most direct and unequivocal terms both the method and effects of all that is wrong with our present Art education (the same flaw lies at the root of all our education), and a concrete description of how it could be put right.

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Imagine, then, a hypothetical Mr. Somebody, looking in at the Picasso exhibition, lately shown at a gallery in Bruton Street : looking in because he used to like pictures when he was young (of course he doesn't get much time for that now), and somebody

has told him that Picasso is the best living painter. What does he find? And what does he expect to find? He finds a number of complex patterns in colour, an extraordinarily wide and positive range of colours certainly. But he looks for something he can recognize. He looks for skill, meaning by that the ability to make a picture in paint so like a coloured photograph that you could hardly tell the difference. He does not find it here. He sees, perhaps, a hand, or something which might be part of a face. "If that was how my wife looked over the breakfast table," he says to himself, "I would get a divorce." He is utterly bewildered. He resorts to an art critic and asks what it is all about. He is told to notice the significant form, the contrast of hot colours with cold tones, the plastic qualities, the architecture of the background (Mr. Somebody always thought architecture was something to do with buildings, and there do not seem to be any buildings in these paintings). He is still bewildered. He tries to notice all these things, but it does no good. "But why—why?" he cries to the critic. "How does it help me?" And the critic simply raises his eyebrows and looks scornfully at Mr. Somebody: "Because that is Art," he says, "and Art is Culture, and if you have not got Culture, you aren't anybody in this society." And at that, perhaps, Mr. Somebody is overawed and takes the critic's word for it, and learns up all the phrases to tell them to his friends, hoping to impress them with his superiority. Or perhaps he has more intelligence and decides that this Art is all nonsense and no good to him, and goes home to his pretty suburb. But, whichever he does, the fact is that he has been doubly cheated: first, by his education, which has prevented him ever seeing that way before; and second, by the critic who has been at pains to put the artist in an entirely false position and stultify his effect on Mr. Somebody. If he had said: "Don't look at the picture as if it were a puzzle or a text or a photograph. Don't try and find out what it means or what it looks like. Like a poem, it can't be translated into any other terms but itself. It is a visual adventure, an exploration of the unknown possibilities of sight. Definition is only possible by contrast and comparison. And so to reveal discoveries about the appearance of things we must make these patterns, which are in fact balanced and precise definitions in

visual terms. If you explore the definition through the rhythm of the line, the balance of the colour tone, the relation of the masses to each other, the completeness of the whole, you will have added something to your capacity of vision, that is all. You will see the world more clearly, more intensely. And that is not all. For this adventure will have an effect not only upon your immediate visual sensibility, but upon all your past visual experience stored in memory, and all the conclusions aggregated from that, about the appearance of the world. For the proper social function of Art is the development of Man's visual faculties in relation to memory. For the whole of Man's activity, of thinking or doing, is immensely affected by the way the world appears to him."

If the critic had said this to Mr. Somebody, then I think he might have gone back to the pictures in a more open and hopeful state of mind, and, perhaps blankly at first, but with a growing realization, have looked at the whole picture, the whole space articulated by the pattern, and not just the bits that he could recognize as something else. And then I think he would have felt a profound change occurring in himself, a shift of the whole organization of his knowledge and perception, the profoundest of emotions.

Perhaps also, as he went home, he would have pondered to himself on what the critic meant when he said that the proper social function of Art is the development of Man's visual faculties in relation to memory. Memory is the effect on us of all our past experience. A man with a bad memory is not one who remembers nothing, but one who does not remember when he wants to, one whose experience is unorganized. All experience affects us, changes us, in some way, but our efficiency depends upon the extent to which we are able to control that change. The whole struggle of Man is the struggle to become aware of, and so to control, his experience, to organize it into an united will and so to increase his powers of further experience and further control. It is the business of Art to see that we are masters of our experience, and not mastered by our experience. Most people today are at the mercy of circumstance. They are not controlling the changes that happen to them, either as individuals or as societies. They are driven hither and thither in bewilder-

ment or complacency, without the slightest consciousness of the real effect of what they are doing, or the smallest discovery of what it is they really want. They forget the meaning of the words they use, they derive no significance from the objects they see. As they apprehend more and more facts, they become more and more bewildered and more and more at a loss. They are driven to suicide : I do not mean in many cases actual physical self-destruction, but spiritual *felo de se*, the surrender of their personal judgment to a will outside themselves. They cry out : " I would rather be blind. I would rather be rid of the terrible responsibility of running my own life. I surrender. Guide me, someone, tell me what to do." And so they give up to a quack religion, to a newspaper, to a political leader, to any form of intellectual tyranny, and follow blindly as they are told into self-destruction. Henceforth their opinions, their observations, their actions are all at second-hand. The individual ceases to exist.

Art is the force which attempts to counter this danger. Art is the imaginative organization of experience, a way of becoming aware of ourselves and our relation to the circumstance of our life. By becoming aware of our life, we are able better to control it and order it. This is the fundamental need of every man : to be able to order his own life. But all our education has been in direct opposition to this need. In our childhood, the concrete interests of our own lives had to be shut out, to give place to an abstract mental system imposed upon us by the school curriculum and its framework of examinations. Every subject like Art or Music or the English Language, which might have been calculated to develop the means of individual expression and independent thought, was relegated to a very subsidiary position and allowed very little time or attention. So that what was yearly turned out from the schools and colleges was a type of mind quite inhuman, a type of mind ordered along an abstract pattern by dictation, and so susceptible only to dictation. Our education, and the subsequent effect of newspaper and advertising propaganda, has led us to look upon getting a job and making money as ends in life. These are not ends. They never satisfied nor made any man happy. They are only means to an end. They are means to enable us to organize our lives into a whole, so that all our powers may be liberated and realized.

LABOUR IN AUSTRIA

BY ERNST KARL WINTER

THROUGH the exclusion of the Labour Socialist movement from participation in the affairs of the State Austria has sustained a loss of political capital which will not easily be replaced. It is not surprising then that the question of bringing back the Socialist forces to play their part in the formative purpose of the regime is one of the most serious domestic problems of the day. In point of political education and discipline the closely-knit *cadres* of the Labour Socialist movement represented that class of the Austrian people which was politically most mature. Moreover, it was this particular stratum of the nation—precisely because of that “Marxist” training for which it is now reviled—which was marked out to be the most reliable element, indeed the core of resistance in Austria’s defensive struggle against National Socialism. Thus, from two points of view—the civic education of the Austrian people *and* the independence of the Austrian State—this question of revivifying socialist forces so that they may play their part in the formative purpose of the regime demands the closest attention.

The authoritarian regime in Austria, which is the creation of Engelbert Dollfuss, is deliberately grounded in the idea of a battle on two fronts: its purpose, that is, is both to defend Austria from National Socialism and to overcome Socialism—for that reason dubbed by its political opponents “Marxism” or even Bolshevism. Now, the truth is that Socialism in Austria, up to February 12th, 1934, the date when the labour forces opposed armed resistance to the re-modelling of the constitution on authoritarian lines, found expression almost entirely in organized political and trade union associations of a social-democratic character; social democracy was indeed firmly anchored in the Austrian labour movement. The idea officially prevailing is that if socialism in Austria were given freedom to organize, that

would have the effect of strengthening indirectly National Socialism. Some of us, on the other hand, contend that this would not necessarily happen at all, but that, on the contrary, the incorporation of Socialists would make it possible to broaden the basis of the State and at the same time multiply the resources on which Austria could call for her defensive campaign against National Socialism. Actually, the doctrine which insists on the necessity of fighting the battle on two fronts means that only those elements are allowed to help to defend Austrian independence which subscribe to the tenets of the authoritarian regime. The result is that there are substantial sections of the nation opposed to National Socialism—indeed, whose passionate allegiance to a non-Nazi Austria is beyond all doubt—which are not being cultivated and are condemned to a rather barren policy of “toleration.”

The official doctrine has been apparently borne out by events, since it is demonstrable that the socialist workers movement—with which, it is suggested, the regime might have made contact—has now practically ceased to exist, so that the projected association is no longer possible. What has happened, however, is that instead of the former efficient and solidly-organized social democratic organizations, the leadership of which was on the whole undisputed, you have now, for lack of free organization, an amorphous mass of labour whose inspiration and ideals are more or less chaotic. A narrow party-political attitude of mind may well rest content with such a state of affairs. But no one with any sense of statesmanship can be happy about it.

In my view the responsibility of the present rulers of Austria for this state of affairs is immense and is daily increasing; though, of course, the way in which the authoritarian State came into being has been most to blame. In all probability, if, today, a parliamentary democracy were suddenly to be restored to life in Austria, that imposing unity of the Austrian working classes, for which the Social Democratic party was formerly a guarantee, would be found to have vanished altogether—to be replaced by not merely radical but anarchistic trends—and you would have, probably, at least as many contending factions as in Spain. The authoritarian regime has to a great extent inherited a historic responsibility from the Austrian labour movement, and therein

lies its justification for creating such corporations of public law as the Unitary Trade Union Associations (*Einheitsgewerkschaften*) and the so-called "social labour boards" (*soziale Arbeitsgemeinschaften*). The latter are an integral element of the *Vaterländische Front*, representing the *political* interests of labour in the new guild-State. The former are designed to serve the economic interests of the workers.

My own attitude to the aspirations of Labour is, I think, well known. I take the view that any political effort of an illegal character is utterly futile when you are in the presence of a State which has the instruments of power firmly in its hands, that it demands useless sacrifices and achieves no positive result. Consequently from the very beginning I have steadfastly maintained that labour ought to grasp the opportunity of active participation and specific collaboration in the unitary organizations set up under the State; though indeed the possibilities they offer may be modest enough, they are better than nothing, and they do offer some prospect of development. I make one reservation, however: such support should be forthcoming only so long as the defensive struggle of the Austrian State against National Socialism can be effectively furthered by it, and so long as the Austrian State itself—whose spokesmen have continually proclaimed their intention of building up the new structure on an organic democratic basis, while retaining the corporative elements—does in fact continue to be fundamentally distinct in its ultimate purposes from National Socialism and Fascism.

The crux of the question, it is true, remains the fact that Austrian domestic politics are only really a function of foreign policy. For the last four years the watchword "towards Italy" (instead of an orientation towards Western Europe, like Czechoslovakia, instead of inclining towards Czechoslovakia itself) has determined Austria's domestic policy. It is not easy to understand why, from the point of view of nationalism (in the German sense), German-Austrian intellectual circles should regard alliance with Czechoslovakia as a downright dishonourable policy—and, remember, that the Germans in Czechoslovakia enjoy all the rights appropriate to an important cultural minority, even to the extent of having their own university; whereas it seems to be regarded as entirely honourable and "national" to play second

fiddle to Italy, when the Italians, as everyone knows, have been deliberately and systematically denationalizing the people of the South Tyrol. The explanation of these two "reactions" lies deep down in the subconscious; they reflect a profound resentment on the part of *Sudetendeutschen* (frequently, too, non-Germans who have become Germanized), a national strain which has always played a prominent part in Austrian politics. There is another point about it that needs to be appreciated. In the eyes of those Austrians who are hyper-conscious of their German origin, the men and women of other nationalities who have migrated to Vienna, especially the Czechs, have been, traditionally, identical with the proletariat of Vienna; so that what appears to be a "national" prejudice against the Czechs is really a reversion to class prejudice against the working masses.

These various sentiments are duly reflected in Austria's foreign policy. One can really say that the main reason for the untoward orientation of Austria in foreign policy (i.e., leaning towards Rome instead of Prague) lies in the fact that a considerable percentage of the intelligentsia in present-day Austria quite honestly still refuse to accept the Czechoslovak revolution, the foundation of the Czechoslovak State and consequently the historical shift of the centre of gravity from Vienna to Prague; they do not accept it because it would mean admitting their own historic guilt. This mental outlook of the German-National professors and the literati in Austria extends, moreover, to certain Catholic circles which have influence in Austria's present regime. Nevertheless, the community of interests between Czechoslovakia and Austria on the specific issue of fending off National Socialism has gradually begun to break down old prejudices. And it is in Catholic circles, above all, that people are beginning to see through the old *deutschnational* phobia about Czechoslovakia.

Now it is just here, as I see it, that the responsibility of the two Great Powers of the West for the destiny of Czechoslovakia and of Austria becomes manifest. When in a particular political area the Fascist Powers alone pursue an active policy and, in particular, conduct political propaganda on an extensive scale, while the democratic group of Powers stand by and watch this happen, they can hardly be surprised that all the trumps should be gradually slipping out of their hands. For a long time

the rational policy of Dr. Benesh—still the only constructive line establishing the connection between the Danube Basin and Western Europe—was able to cope with the situation and to hold firm, simply on the strength of getting moral support from the West. But the time was bound to come when even Czechoslovakia had to insure herself by securing an effective military associate. It is all the more understandable that Austria should have sought the military assistance of Italy, which, after all, justified itself in the critical days of 1934 when Dollfuss was murdered. Since it is evident that Italy, on account of her new collaboration with Germany, particularly in the Spanish question, is no longer prepared to defend Austrian independence, the Government is attempting step by step to move in another direction.

The last few months have, manifestly, witnessed a cooling-off in the relations of Austria and Italy, and that is a fact from which a policy directed towards the West can derive advantage. The reason for this cooling-off is, of course, first of all, the question of restoring the monarchy: Mussolini, in order not to jeopardize his collaboration with Hitler, has somewhat unexpectedly made an about turn. This Restoration question in the last few months has also come into the forefront in relation to a number of domestic issues. Immediately after the compact of July 11th, 1936, when Austria appeared to be sailing with flying colours into the haven of Berlin-Rome co-operation there was to be perceived in democratic and even socialist circles a distinct shift of opinion towards Monarchism. After all, Legitimism looked very much like the only possible salvation from the impending *Gleichschaltung* with Germany. And this specific circumstance was reinforced by a development which had been going on for some time in Left circles, namely, a disposition to support a constitutional monarchy in the English or Scandinavian sense as a counterpoise to the semi-fascist authoritarian State. The effect was to impart to the Legitimist movement a considerable fillip. As the one political organization outside the *Vaterländische Front* still in existence the legitimist cause bid fair to serve as the rallying-point for all the forces of opposition, in so far as they were not committed to National Socialism.

The Government took account of this state of affairs which

was not without its dangers, and acted in a typically Austrian way by proclaiming the Legitimist cause its own. Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the Chancellor, made open profession of his allegiance, while at the same time declaring that it must be for him alone to decide whether and when restoration of the monarchy should actually be accomplished. By this clever move the Austrian Government succeeded in eliminating what was antagonistic, and therefore dangerous, to the Government in Legitimism, while at the same time dealing a decisive blow at the constitutional and democratic element of the Legitimist movement, which alone had any interest for the Left. This is not to say, by any means, that one day the Schuschnigg Government might not patent this particular form of Legitimism so as to find a bridge back in this way to the necessary re-incorporation of democratic elements, which must in any case be a difficult task for a regime based essentially on authority. For the moment, however, there is no trace of any development in this direction. Consequently a number of those on the Left who for some time had been developing a certain sympathy for the Restoration have now been repelled again from having any truck with Legitimism ; and, incidentally, the official spokesman of Legitimists, Dr. Friedrich von Wiesner (who is duly accredited by the Duke of Bar), appears to have blundered in what was obviously a difficult situation for them. He has failed to appreciate the advisability of maintaining a loose connection with the regime in such a way as, on the one hand, to make it very difficult for the Chancellor to break with the Legitimist movement, while, on the other hand, making it possible for him to encourage the hopes in democratic and socialist circles that the future constitutional monarchy would involve the superseding of the authoritarian State. Meanwhile the Chancellor has publicly stated that the Restoration will be a long process and need not be expected in the near future.

Just exactly as happened in Prussia and Bavaria in 1933, the Conservative classes in Austria, deriving their main strength from the feudal and militant elements, for whom Democracy and Socialism are like red rags to a bull, have not risen to the historic opportunity once again beckoning to them : destiny called to them to be the champions of the social and democratic rights of the nation, and instead of responding they come out as the very

opposite. A Legitimist movement which fails to strike the social and democratic note, and, moreover, seems to be interested in nothing more than making up to the authoritarian regime—because its only ambition appears to be to assume the ceremonial adornment of that regime—can only be a degree worse than the present situation.

But when it became evident that the Legitimist Movement lacked the necessary moral fibre to intervene successfully in the course of events—on the contrary it claims, apparently, to be nothing more than the established regime in symbolic garb—then Labour is left face to face with the Corporative and Authoritarian State: and Labour must therefore make its decision whether or not it is prepared to remain sensible and not cleave to a policy of revolution and catastrophe, basing that decision on existing circumstances.

Now it is quite possible, if you are looking at things from an orthodox Marxist standpoint, to see in the Corporative organization of industry the last resort of Capitalism to uphold its system of exploitation. But Corporativism can also be considered from another angle. As a matter of actual fact through Trade Union activities there exists in the Democratic State a constant co-operation of the two-interest groups, Capital and Labour, and in certain branches negotiations about wage contracts not infrequently lead to the establishment of permanent committees. These are, after all, Corporative organizations of an institutional character, in which matters affecting both interest groups are decided on a basis of parity. They are the beginnings of the corporative idea in the Trade Union sphere. In the U.S.A. we see the corporative trends making headway in the most modern of the Trade Union movements, and being linked up quite logically with those elements in the New Deal striving for a planned economic system.

For the working man the decisive factor is not whether or no there should be co-operation, nor is it whether or no there should be a corporative organization, but the question of parity, equality of status—in both the economic and political sphere. From this point of view it was, of course, much easier to make clear to the Austrian socialist worker before February 12th, 1934, the significance of corporative organization than it could be after that date,

for before the catastrophe and the final erection of the authoritarian State the Austrian worker throughout all his struggles about economic status was deeply conscious of the political importance which he represented, and this very fact made it easier, on occasion, psychologically to accede to the necessary economic concessions.

The present Austrian Government does not yet seem able to appreciate properly this inherent connection between economic and political self-determination. The worker feels that he has been deprived of his adult status. And it is against this human degradation that the politically-minded Austrian worker is rebelling, perhaps more passionately than against economic sacrifices which he has to accept as a consequence of a given economic system. Only if there should be a change in this respect—maybe through development on an extensive scale of the “ Social Labour ” Boards of which I have spoken—can the gradual effort towards restoring industrial and Trade Union democracy, which began in the autumn of 1936 with the first elections to various factory offices, bear any positive fruit. Among those who stand for this positive implementation of Austrian social policy in practice as well as in theory the foremost figure is, of course, the ex-Minister of Social Welfare, Professor Dobretsberger.

Quite as important as the task of placing the “ wage-earners ” as specified by the law of the land gradually on a democratic basis again—and *from below*—is the development on a more extensive scale of the Co-operative movement, which has already achieved the status of complete autonomy. Now, clearly, the importance of this organization rests on the possibilities offered for some political collaboration at a later date between the working classes of the towns and the peasantry, and therein lies its importance. The necessity for future collaboration is continually being brought home to both of them. And, happily, in the person of the President of the Purchase Board of the Austrian Consumers’ Association, the former Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Ludwig Strobl, who comes from agrarian stock and was a collaborator of Dr. Dollfuss—it is Dr. Strobl whom we have to thank for the prompt restoration of autonomy in the Austrian co-operative movement after February 12th—those

two functions are combined, i.e., the consumers' interests of the industrial workers and the producers' interests of the farmers. It is essential, if Austria's development is to be in the direction of democratic reform, that there shall be this co-operation between urban workers and peasantry.

If National Socialism in Austria may never be able to get the levers of power into its hands by its own unaided efforts—from within—there still remains the possibility of support for it from outside, combined perhaps with some kind of intervention on an extensive scale, wherefore at any time the whole conception of the reconstruction of Austria might well go by the board. It is perfectly true that a more positive attitude on the part of the Austrian Government to the working class elements—such as I should like to see—would not make the slightest difference at the outset. For the irrational forces in German National Socialism, which may well be playing with possibilities of this kind, are not likely to be speculating whether Austrian Labour is going to adopt this or that attitude, whether the workers will range themselves 100 per cent. as its active supporters or passively let things drift. (Actually, in spite of all their unfortunate experiences scarcely any elements of Austrian Labour have gone over to National Socialism—at most a few individuals on the periphery of the movement.) Nevertheless, in the event of a Nazi seizure of power, the attitude of Labour—either determined activity on the one hand, or a marked indifference tinged with bitterness and resentment on the other hand—is bound to have an influence, if not upon the early stages, at any rate upon its outcome. The Government of Austria is thus confronted by a grave historic responsibility upon which its very existence may well depend.

THE HOSTESS

BY H. PEARL ADAM

ACCORDING to the statisticians, this year has brought more visitors to England than any previous year. The inveterate habit of hospitality, so exactly balancing the shyness of the inhabitants of these islands, lends particular interest to a problem that has not yet commanded the attention which is its due.

One of the feminine weaknesses pointed out by men, often with that affectionately superior toleration which has caused more angry passions than any mere cruelty, such as murder or desertion, is that women will think of two things at once. But this is a feat which should command admiration rather than criticism. If achieved merely for the pleasure of doing something difficult, it might well find itself endowed with a gold cup, or a flitch of bacon, or a medal with bars and power to add to their number.

No such recognition is likely to come its way. Reward is usually the meed of what is heroic or efficient, but unnecessary. Nobody is forced to breed a racehorse, or rescue someone from drowning, or write a novel; and the couples who live decent and happy lives without pretending to qualify for the reception of the Dunmow Flitch are so numerous that the winners of that interesting article of provender pass, in the general estimation, for really remarkable liars. Possibly both the flitch and the blame are alike half-earned.

The skill with which women manage to think of two (or more) things at once will never rank with these purely voluntary endeavours. It would be much easier to think of one, much less tiring. But the plain fact is that the average woman is actually forced to these mental gymnastics. She is forced to perform them by as stringent an ordinance as that which compels prisoners to pick oakum. However purely solitary her physical life, mentally the normal woman must live a double one. Some-

times it thickens to the treble. Then it is a study in sixths, not necessarily vexed or supported by any counterpoint.

For it is essentially the normal woman who is under consideration; the woman who may be clever or may be stupid, the woman who is not modern enough to neglect her duty to the man she has married, nor rich enough to delegate it to hirelings. In fact, the woman who receives guests in her permanent home or at a restaurant—the hostess.

Her position at table when there are guests is the mountain-peak of her domestic duties. In it are implicit all the details of the house, from laundry-morning and buying blankets to settling with the chef, the cook, the general, or herself, the shape of the meal, the sequence of the tastes; from deciding on the guests, and their juxtaposition, to re-arranging all those decisions at the last moment, because her husband has contributed an unamalgamable extra, or somebody has fallen out—by illness or quarrel or death or jealousy; not to mention consideration for the fact that nearly all the guests won't or can't eat this or that, and must be given something different.

Plenty of fun has been made in literature of the hostess who cannot drive her team. A classic instance is that of the lady who, terrified by the silent thunder of a complete pause in conversation, offered in desperation the statement that "a peacock is a very pretty bird." A guest—very likely an earnest helper, otherwise a mean and spiteful wasp—replied: "And how beautifully it sings"! *How beautifully it sings!*

Of course, it is suicide to do this—not a grand gesture of negation, a personal retirement from matters too grossly insistent to be tolerated, but a scared running-away from the elementary conditions of a hostess-mind.

The hostess-mind sees the table as a palimpsest. Erased are the preliminary conditions of choice of guests, choice of food, economic considerations, and such complicated businesses as settling whether Château Lafitte, which he loves, will stop Sir Front Bbenchhe from talking about Sovietism, or will give him indigestion. Written now are the new inscriptions, more hastily made than frescoes and much more unpredictable. To the mind of the hostess they cover a range which includes everything from giving bread to the French Ambassador (an endless task).

to seeing that nobody says anything harmful about Roman Catholicism, or the OGPU, or any other pet subject of any other guest. This obviously involves a great amount of pre-vision. She must not only know what shouldn't have been said, and put it right ; she must also know what is likely to be said, and see that it is not. She must also take into consideration the possibility that the Empire-BUILDER and the Bishop will like each other and want to talk to each other, and to that end take from each other utterances which would otherwise have had a volcanic power of disruption.

In this department the hostess has a perilous choice of vestment—the mantle of Elijah or the shirt of Nessus ; only at the end of her party will she know which garment she is to wear.

The two words " Party System " have a special significance for women : one for the great hostesses in historical houses, another for wives in ribbon-development Jeremiah dwellings ; but both denoting, in their degree, responsibility, mental strain, and that handling of the ribbons which means good driving, competent direction.

The Party System, to the politician, means only the kind of union which exists because of disunion from a larger unit. As, for instance, that you cannot be at once a vegetable and an animal ; an eel and a crustacean ; and (in spite of excellent authority) a rose and an onion ; therefore you belong to one group or the other.

The Party System, as practised in practically every house of these islands, and organized by the woman in them, means the establishment of union for a few hours ; and it is her job to see that disunion is kept, like a guest's bellicose dog, in some small enclosure, garden, pen, cell, or scullery, with enough chopped calf, ox, or sheep, raw or cooked, to keep him from eating any guest who might seem to his random fancy to have any similar qualities.

Most women remember, and countless men will never learn, that the host is frequently one of the principal cares of the hostess. The more interesting, charming, and likeable he is, the more certain it is that he will be on his wife's mind throughout the dinner. No man worth his salt (not to mention the trout and the chicken provided for him and their guests) can ever

think of more than one thing at a time. So the woman who dispenses his hospitality has to exercise this art to a very high degree. Pope praised the woman who is mistress of herself though china fall. He should have kept a laurel-crown for the woman who, noticing that a dangerous conversation has started at the other end of the table, or that a glass or a plate needs replenishing with whatever the host is dispensing, fixes him with a glance as steady and as penetrating as a sword, and receives without a quiver the appalling reply : " Yes, dear ? What is it ? "

This episode, in one form or another, has entered into the lives of thousands of women who, though maddened at the moment, bear no rancour afterwards for the wreckage wrought, and of men who, through long years of dinner-parties and other gatherings, never learn that this sort of glance, though it may be like a trumpet-call to some totally unguessable action, should in no case be thus answered.

" Howard was talking about the state of Chinese silk-worms in Lower Cocoonia ; how could I guess that you wanted me to give him more hock ? He was being most interesting." There is an implication of blame in this. But Smith might have been being most interesting (the grammar belongs to current spoken English) to the hostess about the lack of English-tinned pilchards in a country which includes Cornwall ; yet she was able to pass him the butter, signal (with disastrous results) to the host that somebody in his region needed care, and still make some remark about pilchards which would be intelligent if not bright, bright if not intelligent, and possibly even constructive as well.

It seems platitudinous to say that a hostess has to use what gifts for entertaining she may have only in strict ratio to the size of her house and the nature of her social circle. But the fact involves problems not so instantly understood. There is a divinity doth hedge a king, we know ; but acquainting ourselves with the etiquette which also serves him in the office of a wall is no light task. Before Royalty can take a dish of tea in somebody else's house a hundred brows are wrinkled, a hundred bills incurred, a hundred problems give birth to a thousand more, and the hostess has to learn exactly how far to the south-west

of her left heel she must place her right foot, if she wishes to achieve at her own door an obeisance at once discreet, protocolist, and graceful.

On the problems of precedence Burke and Debrett are ever at hand ; but they deal only with the aristocracy, and what were once so aptly known as carriage-folk. The coming of the small car has greatly upset this classification ; but its borders were before then in confusion. If the step-daughter of a bishop married the son of a shop-keeper (they never did, but they might now), how does she stand in precedence, as against the sister of a Lord Mayor married to someone knighted for his services to science who is also the nephew of a Marquis ?

It is said that the wife of one whose name is a glory in English literature never forgot that she was the daughter of a dignitary of the Church. How should a tactful hostess place, treat, converse with somebody who prefers the rank of Pinion, her native right, to the rank of Wing ? Especially if the hostess shares her preference ?

Even the household arrangements of the hostess are subject to the same sliding and therefore differing scale of values. Once there was a woman who attended a great and ceremonious meal in one of the mansions of the old French aristocracy, now being more than ceremonially administered by a lady who was born a Republican and had since acquired by marriage, on two several occasions, princely rank. The visitor was horrified to learn that the food, the service, the table-decoration, had all been hired from caterers of these things. That guest, less well accustomed to the administration of august affairs, was shocked to find that the last, most intimate, most vital, function of a hostess should by her be yielded up to external agencies. Not to care what her table looks like seems to this sort of guest as bad an offence as not to care whether guests are given beef-lozenges and a banana instead of a meal.

Manners have changed, because habits have changed—houses have changed, hours have changed, food has changed, digestions have changed. The problem of the hostess has also changed in strict ratio to these adjustments. She has no store-cupboard, so she has no "best china." But she has a refrigerator, which keeps food longer. She cannot buy fresh salmon from Scotland,

because it is too dear; but tinning is getting better. She cannot keep apples, but greengrocers give her plums and peaches in midwinter.

Nearer the heart of the matter is the fact that a kitchen today is as public a room as a drawing-room. Your servants may go on strike, but your guests know how to cook. Your difficulty will be to keep them away while you "knock up" something for them. That is the language of the moment, and it cannot be called jargon because it fits the main requirements of hostess-ship and guest-ship.

All the old rules have gone West. It was once rude to mention food. That was when cook prepared it underground, like a *Nibelung*, in a vast iron range. Now that dishes are "knocked up" in a white room, where necessary dirt is whisked away before you can curl your lip, the food you serve is no longer unmentionable. Even the Party-Hostess, in the political sense, is expected to know more about food, shelter, light, heat, and the other basic elements of hospitality (towels, for instance, and hot water if somebody wants a bath in the small hours, and the correlative kindness of not taking baths in country districts which are restricted in water) than she ever knew before.

Many years ago the situation of milady hostess was summarized in a play called "Potash and Perlmutter." A tearful lady, lamenting a wonderful new home, wept about the loss of a dining-room "where we could have sat down thirty-five, God forbid!" The whole audience laughed; but the women laughed first. Their higher note instantaneously responded.

BLACKSTONE—OUTSIDE THE COMMENTARIES

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

“**N**O one does or can separate the historian from the subject.” Bagehot’s dictum upon Gibbon might have been applied with equal relevance to two great figures contemporary with him—James Boswell and William Blackstone. In each case the very magnificence of the achievement has inevitably obscured the significance of the man, and each has purchased immortal fame at the price of individuality. (To Boswell and to Gibbon, indeed, posterity has been kinder than to the great jurist, and Mr. D. M. Low’s recent work upon the historian of Rome’s declension is a noble attempt to pronounce the divorce which Bagehot deemed impossible.) It is a strange fact that Blackstone, for his part, should, after a hundred and fifty years, be still without a biographer, save for three poor fragments reluctantly issued by incompetent hands between 1780 and 1850. Yet his life outside the Commentaries is by no means devoid of interest.

He was born in Cheapside on July 10, 1723, the fourth and youngest son of a mercer. His brother-in-law, James Clitherow, in a preface to his Reports, observes that it was his good fortune to be left a posthumous orphan. “For had his father lived, it is most likely that the youngest son of a London tradesman, not of great affluence, would have been bred in the same line of life ; and those parts which have so much signalised the possessor of them, would have been lost in a warehouse or behind a counter.” From this dismal fate he was rescued by the assiduity of his uncle, a surgeon, and sent to Charterhouse, where, by the offices of Walpole, he was admitted upon the foundation. After becoming head of the school at the age of fifteen, he matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, on December 1st, 1738, and added a new note to Dr. Johnson’s “nest of singing-birds.” Though the Greek and Roman poets, we are told, were his favourites, and though “he converted Mathematics into an amusement,”

yet he was already destined for the law, and in 1744 he attempted to make the best of both worlds, forensic and academic, by taking chambers in the Temple and by becoming a Fellow of All Souls. The Bar, however, proved a singularly coy mistress. Between 1746, when he was called to the Bar, and 1758, when he became Vinerian Professor, he secured only two briefs, and it was at All Souls during this period that he was to make his name.

Despite the familiar criticism of Gibbon and of Adam Smith, Oxford life in the middle of the eighteenth century was not all "port and prejudice." The academic curriculum, judged by the standards of a more exacting, if less elegant, age was doubtless defective, and tuition was almost non-existent. Yet in many a common room there was to be found energy of mind alike in scholarship and in administration. At All Souls itself Dr. Buckler, the intimate friend of Blackstone, was making his name as an antiquarian; at Exeter, Dr. Kennicott pursued the studies in Hebrew and in Biblical research which drew from a contemporary a remarkable tribute to the "Colossus who *literally* bestrides the learned world" . . . while at Trinity Thomas Warton combined the offices of Poet Laureate, Professor of Poetry, and Camden Professor of History, and, in the intervals of compiling a masterly History of English Poetry, parodied his friends and rivals.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimmering shade,
Appear the Pamphlets in a mouldering Heap,
Each in his narrow Bed till Morning laid,
The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

In this resurgence Blackstone took a prominent part. As Bursar of All Souls, he introduced a new system of book-keeping and offered his experience to his successors in a *Dissertation on the Keeping of Accounts*, in which "every intricacy was elucidated." As Fellow, he wrote an "Essay on Collateral Consanguinity," designed to prevent the too copious claims of the Founder's Kin, which were embarrassing the College. He examined the working of the Clarendon Press, which he found in a state of suspended animation, "barely reminding us of its existence by now, and then slowly bringing forth a Program, a Sermon printed by request, or at best a Bodleian catalogue." To ensure reform,

he made himself a master of "the mechanical part of printing," and embodied his suggestions in a tract which formed the basis of a more efficient regime. Nor did he confine his energies to academic administration. He planned a Western road from Oxford through Botley; and at Wallingford, of which he became Recorder in 1749, he promoted two new roads and secured the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church.

Business acumen was balanced by a catholic indulgence in scholarship and the arts. The example of his friend, Dr. Buckler, excited an antiquarian interest, which he satisfied by compiling a history and preparing a new edition of Magna Charta. This work involved him in an acrimonious controversy with Dr. Lyttleton, the President of the Society of Antiquaries, upon the authenticity of a "curious ancient Roll," which, in the view of Dr. Lyttleton, its owner, contained the original Charter of Henry III, and which Blackstone, with tactless obstinacy, asserted to be spurious. It is not perhaps surprising that the Society should have endorsed the opinion of its President, even if it might seem ungracious to have refused to publish Blackstone's reply among its records. His early love of mathematics matured into a well-informed and practical appreciation of architecture. He not only prepared an essay on the "Elements of Architecture," but hastened the completion of the Codrington Library, "rectifying several mistakes in the structure," and supervised the new and handsome buildings of The Queen's College on the High Street, which, before his efforts, "had been little better than a disgusting heap of ruins."

The range of his interests was shown by his excursions into literary criticism. Malone acknowledged his assistance in preparing his edition of Shakespeare, and his "Account of the Dispute between Addison and Pope" gained the fastidious approval of Isaac D'Israeli. It may be hazarded that it was the manner, at least as much as the substance, of these contributions which assured their success. The clarity and elegance of his prose was acclaimed by contemporary connoisseurs, and it has survived the revolutions of taste. Charles James Fox thought "his style of English the very best of our modern writers: always easy and intelligible—far more correct than Hume, less studied and made up than Robertson." The praise is generous,

even if the reader searches in vain for the names of Johnson and Gibbon. Jeremy Bentham, though he disliked the man and repudiated his views, paid a remarkable tribute to his literary skill :

He it is who, first of all institutional writers, has taught Jurisprudence to speak the language of the Scholar and the Gentleman ; put a polish upon that rugged science ; cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of the office ; and, if he has not enriched her with that precision, which is drawn only from the sterling treasury of the sciences, has decked her out to advantage from the toilette of classical erudition ; has enlivened her with metaphors and allusions, and has sent her abroad in some measure to instruct, and in still greater to entertain, the most miscellaneous, and even the most fastidious societies.

But Blackstone was not content with the pedestrian lucidity of prose. He aspired on occasion to be a poet. While still at school he obtained Mr. Benson's gold medal for verses on Milton, which have, perhaps fortunately, failed to survive. Two specimens of his art, however, may still be examined by the curious. The first is "The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," written in 1744 and published in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*. Dr. Douglas, in his memorial of 1782, is excited to enthusiasm by its perusal.

The struggle of his mind [he says] is expressed so strongly, so naturally, with such elegance of sense and language and harmony of versification, as must convince every reader that his passion for the Muses was too deeply rooted to be laid aside without much reluctance, and that, if he had pursued that flowery path, he would not have proved inferior to the best of our English Poets.

Neither this piece, however, nor his last effusion, an *Elegy* on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, gratifies the expectation thus aroused.

These years in Oxford may serve to dispel the superficial vision of a generation irremediably stagnant, and of Blackstone as its most complacent representative. Antiquarian, reformer, man of business, man of letters, his interests were catholic enough to satisfy the most exigent of modern Dons. But they were displayed as yet within a modest setting. At the end of 1753 he became, almost at a bound, a national figure. In the Michaelmas Term he delivered his first course of lectures on the Laws of England. He may have been urged by no more com-

selling a motive than that no one else had thought it worth his while to fill a gap ; but his success was immediate and complete. Not only was the course attended by a " very crowded class of young men of the first families, characters and hopes ; " not only did it induce Mr. Viner to establish the first chair of English Law in the University of Oxford, to which Blackstone was appointed in October, 1758, but it enabled him to educate himself for his chosen profession. In the unkind words of Lord Ellenborough, the author, when he began the course, was " a comparatively ignorant man, merely a Fellow of All Souls. His true and solid knowledge was acquired afterwards. It might be said of him, when he was composing his book, that it was not so much the learning that made the book, as it was the book that made him learned." Nor was intellectual or academic advancement the sole profit of his enterprise. He was rewarded, strange as it may seem to the modern practitioner, conscious of the gulf fixed between the University and the Courts, with a substantial practice at the Bar, and he was able in 1761 to take silk and to enter the House of Commons as member for Hindon in Wiltshire.

His new preoccupations, and a discreet, if unimpassioned marriage with Sarah Clitherow, with whom, according to the testimony of his brother-in-law, " he passed near nineteen years in the enjoyment of the purest domestic and conjugal felicity, for which no man was better calculated," necessitated the resignation of his All Souls' Fellowship. He was compensated, however, by his appointment as Principal of New Inn Hall (now merged in the new and flourishing foundation of St. Peter's Hall), and he hoped to annex the Vinerian Professorship to this office, " converting the Hall into a College and establishing, for the students of the Common Law, a society similar to that of Trinity College, Cambridge." But the proposal was defeated in Convocation, and Oxford was denied, perhaps fortunately, the experiment of a purely professional College. The disappointment robbed the post of its attractions, and in 1763, on his succession as Solicitor-General to the Queen, he took occasion to resign both the Principalship and the Vinerian Professorship. His Oxford career was over, and he had to venture, at the age of forty, into a new and more robust environment.

The transition was not without pain, nor were its results as happy as his previous record might have led him to expect. The publication in 1765 of the first edition of his *Commentaries*, while it repeated and surpassed the success of the *Lectures*, was the echo of his academic past ; the public life, upon which his future was staked, offered a less encouraging prospect. In the House of Commons he was a failure. Almost the only recorded incident of his Parliamentary career was an unfortunate intervention on the motion to expel John Wilkes and to declare his opponent elected. He announced his " categorical opinion " that Wilkes was by common law precluded from taking his seat. Grenville, in reply, cited the contrary testimony of the *Commentaries*, and, while the House, in pleasurable suspense, awaited the crushing rejoinder, Blackstone sat, confused and mortified, in abject silence. After a prolonged gestation, indeed, he delivered himself of a small octavo pamphlet, considered by his brother-in-law to be an ample and a final vindication, and he took care, in subsequent editions of the *Commentaries*, to tamper discreetly with the text. But it was idle to expect rehabilitation after so devastating an exposure, and he was wise, on Dunning's retirement, to decline the office of Solicitor-General to the King. His most fervent admirers were forced to admit that, " while he had the gift of writing like a classic, he had not the art of speaking like an orator," and he himself shrank from the crudities of political controversy. " Amid the rage of contending parties," he said, " a man of moderation must expect to meet with no quarter from any side."

In 1770 he accepted with relief the offer of a judgeship. Even this translation was not without embarrassment. To oblige Mr. Justice Yates, who had incurred the formidable enmity of Lord Mansfield, he took the former's place in the Court of King's Bench. Lord Mansfield had at one time been his friend and adviser and had encouraged the very lectures by which he had first become famous. But the Chief Justice was, in his own court, a man of dominating temper, and academic success was too tender a plant to be exposed to so majestic a sun. After a few months in the King's Bench, under the immediate eye of his patron, Blackstone was glad to follow the example of Mr. Justice Yates and seek the shade of the Common Pleas.

WAYS OF THE ORIENTAL CENSOR

BY WILBUR BURTON

CENSORSHIP is China's gift to the statecraft of the world. Centuries before Dr. Gæbbels, the Soviet OGPU, or even the Catholic Inquisition, the Celestial Board of Censors was bringing to book all who deviated from the general party line—the party in this case being the Confucian bureaucracy who governed the Middle Kingdom. There was, even in Yunnan, the equivalent of Siberian exile and German concentration camps; the Mandarin dialect is today spoken in this remote province because the Chinese element who settled there were largely political prisoners.

Of course, censorship in one form or another has existed to a greater or less degree in every state in history. But a censorship such as characterizes the modern European dictatorships in Russia, Germany, and Italy, is based upon a political philosophy that any deviations (save very slight ones) from a certain social norm are not only dangerous, but immoral, and hence the censor's duty is to effect general regimentation in thought and *mores*. His work is as much constructive as destructive. This attitude was first developed in Chinese government.

For the classical Chinese, indeed, the general Asiatic concept of the State is a totalitarian theocracy. All such ideas as individual liberty, the rights of man, and freedom of opinion are European notions going back no farther than the days of Greece and Rome. Not only did they never exist anywhere in Asia, but no philosophical concept of them was ever developed. Persons had no rights, only duties—the duty of wives to husbands, the duty of children to parents, the duty of subjects to the State—in Asiatic thought generally, and that of China particularly. Further, the theory of collective responsibility which modern European dictatorships invoke in censorship and otherwise is of Chinese origin. In classical China not only an entire family,

but an entire community was held responsible for the acts of one of its members ; a whole village would be punished for a serious breach of the law by one person therein, and a whole village would be honoured if one therein won high official approval. When Chinese started going abroad, the government, and other organizations after the government broke down, exercised control over them through their families in China. Li Hung-chang, the eminent viceroy of the latter days of the Manchu dynasty, once stopped a *tong* war in far San Francisco by threatening to execute the relatives in China of the belligerents if they did not stop fighting. The Kuomintang subsequently employed similar tactics to get financial support from overseas Chinese. Today, in the ex-Red areas, there is an organized system of collective responsibility, established by General Chiang Kai-shek, whereby a group of families must answer for any Communist ever found among them, even though every other member of the group is not only innocent, but ignorant, of the "dangerous thoughts" in his midst.

Thus, when Berlin threatens reprisals on the family in Germany of a refugee critic, or Karl Radek pleads guilty in a Moscow court to acts about which he personally knew nothing, we merely see Western countries copying ancient Oriental technique.

The Imperial Board of Censors in China had the right to criticize even the Throne itself, for the Chinese (unlike the modern Japanese) never regarded the Emperor as sacrosanct. He was the "Son of Heaven," but he ruled only by a "mandate from Heaven," and if he violated his "mandate"—that is to say, the Confucian party line—he could be brought to account. Rarely, of course, did the censors dare to criticize the Throne, but sometimes they did. Their activities, however, were mostly confined to censorship of the servants of the Throne: the members of the state bureaucracy, or mandarins. In this way the censors exercised authority over literature, since all approved literature was written by the scholastic bureaucrats. Nevertheless, much unofficial literature was allowed to circulate ; so few could read, and such complete regimentation had been achieved through the centuries of Confucian thought control, that a certain amount of tolerance was deemed not harmful.

The tradition of the Imperial Board of Censors has been

carried on in the present Nanking Government by establishment of a Control Yuan (department), but it is almost completely impotent. No Chinese within Nanking's realm would dare question Chiang Kai-shek's use, or abuse, of his "mandate from heaven," and he has his private Blueshirts to police the civil bureaucracy. Other organs and agents carry out the public censorship, which is today much more necessary than it ever was in the secluded Middle Kingdom, because the flux of the past few decades and the penetration of Western ideas have broken down the formerly almost perfect regimentation. General Chiang likes many things Western, such as aeroplanes to bomb his enemies into submission, but he does not approve of any Western ideas inconsistent with his dictatorship; further, he seeks to use censorship to enforce a rather rigid moral code that he has evolved since becoming a member of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States! And now and then he himself censors *ex cathedra*, as when he had the American magazine *Asia* banned from the country because of an article therein I had written on his Blueshirts, and again when he issued an edict in the midst of an anti-Red campaign against women curling their hair.

One of the present important organs of censorship is the Central Cinematographic Enterprise Bureau, which "constructively" controls all Chinese motion-picture scenarios, both before and after they are filmed. Its contributions to the Celestial Republic may be best illustrated by one example. A scenario submitted not long ago was the story of a returned student engineer from the United States. He had started humbly as a servant of an American engineer in China, became his *protégé*, and after completing his education abroad he went back to his native village. Then came a humorous love interlude of flirting with the village belles in the manner of Hollywood. Meanwhile, a serious flood begins to threaten the village, and the young engineer abandons his dallying to arouse the natives from their customary fatalistic lethargy in such matters and organizes them for the construction of a dyke which saves the town. After which, of course, he marries the loveliest girl in the village amidst general rejoicing.

The scenario was rejected by C.C.E.B. on the following

grounds : it was humiliating to China to show a Chinese getting his start in life through being the servant of a foreigner ; in flirting with the village girls, the young engineer " behaved like a scoundrel ; " and it was " insulting to the government to show the villagers building a dyke regardless of the government. " Then followed detailed suggestions for re-writing, which included the education of the student by the government ; and, when the flood threatened, the villagers should petition the government to build a dyke which would forthwith be constructed under government auspices with the young engineer in charge.

Not only is the cinema thoroughly and " constructively " censored, but the press and the radio also. Owing to the fact that there are foreign concessions in most of the large cities of China, censorship is somewhat handicapped, but in the main nothing of which Nanking disapproves is printed or broadcast or filmed by Chinese. Foreigners with extra-territorial protection, however, are not affected save in so far as they conform for politic reasons. The English-language press, for example, is circumspect, but it rarely suppresses genuine news ; thus more and more Chinese who can read English avail themselves of the extra-territorial-protected foreign newspapers to find out what is going on in the country, just as intelligent Germans read *The Times*. Foreign bookstores also sell literature which Chinese bookstores cannot sell—for example, the works of Lenin and Marx. More and more, however, the Chinese use their customs administration to keep disapproved books from entering the country.

Chinese film censorship is largely devoted to " upholding the dignity of the Chinese race " and banning anything that may be regarded as " superstitious. " All the pictures of Anna May Wong are forbidden on the first ground, for she is deemed to portray the women of her ancestral land " in a bad light ; " while such H. G. Wells fantasies as *The Invisible Man* are outlawed as " fostering superstition. "

Foreigners in China also censor in the areas which they administer, such as the French Concession and International Settlement of Shanghai. The British police of the Settlement outlawed *Ulysses* just after it was legalized in the United States,

but there was no objection to a window display of Frank Harris's *My Life and Loves*. Generally, indeed, there is no foreign censorship of literature; in motion pictures, however, it is quite strict. *The Informer* was cut considerably by British censors; the British film *Iron Duke* was banned by the French because it correctly depicted the Duke of Wellington winning the battle of Waterloo; and the British banned that masterly American picture *I Am a Fugitive from the Chain Gang* because it was regarded as injurious to "white prestige." Alas, however, for all the efforts of foreign censors to protect "white prestige" generally or any national "prestige" in particular films banned by either the Settlement or the French Concession are invariably shown in Chinese territory just outside the settlement and there draw larger crowds than they would have attracted had they not had the publicity of the bans.

In Japan, which obtained most of her early civilization (including the Confucian family code) from China, we find today in fanatically developed form the concept of the State as a totalitarian theocracy, and a more efficient censorship based thereon than exists in present-day China. And the Japanese have given their censorship an exquisitely expressive designation: "thought control." Such charming frankness is possible because the Japanese have been infected least of all Oriental nations with any Western notions of individual liberty or freedom of opinion. The intelligentsia of China, on the other hand, have been seriously subverted, and thus Nanking is often put to the same straits as European dictatorships in pretending that censorship is not censorship, but merely official aid in preventing factual error and so forth—a dissimulation that reached its most ineffable perfection not long ago in the claim of an apologist for the Soviet Union that the censors there merely played the same role as publishers' readers in England or the United States. But the Japanese, who now embody ancient Oriental social ideas in their purest form, proudly and forthrightly avow that their censorship is for "thought control."

Being complete masters in their own house, the Japanese can control thoughts far better than can the Chinese. Nothing may enter Japan or be published there without official approval, and foreign journalists who are regarded as *personæ non gratae*—a

very large group which includes the writer—can be deported or refused entry. Censorship on outgoing press dispatches is usually not as complete as in China; but virtually all foreign journalists are viewed with suspicion and often harried by the police, especially when they start probing about outside Tokyo. Police spies pester them with questions and accompany them everywhere; in one instance in a northern city, a journalist made an engagement by telephone with a missionary, and when he arrived he found an agent of the police already on hand to overhear the interview.

The most outstanding effort of Japanese thought control is to maintain at home and abroad the myth of the Emperor's divinity and the antiquity of Japanese history. Actually, as Professor B. H. Chamberlain has pointed out, there is no authentic Japanese history further back than 600 A.D., and the present Emperor is of a line that usurped the throne no longer ago than the fourteenth century. The divinity myth and its concomitant *Bushido*—a word not even found in any Japanese dictionary prior to 1900—were deliberate inventions of the statesmen of the "Restoration" period that started in 1867. Previously, Emperors had not only not been regarded as divine, but had been treated quite cavalierly; one, for example, had been forced to earn his living by selling autographs!

Such are the facts, but only two years ago a distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Tatsukichi Minobe, was threatened with trial for *lèse majesté* and forced to resign his post as lecturer on constitutional law at the Tokyo University for his theory that the Emperor was merely "an organ of the state" instead of the state itself. Further all his books were put under ban. A short time later a tremendous international furore was created through publication in an American magazine, *Vanity Fair*, of a cartoon on the theme of 'things you won't see,' showing the Japanese Emperor carrying off the Nobel Peace Prize on a gun carriage. The indignant and thoroughly sincere Japanese objection was not to the idea of the cartoon, but to showing the "divine" Emperor engaged in menial work and as a mere human being, on a page that included caricatures of a number of eminent commoners. Also, at about the same time, Tokyo forced Nanking to imprison a Chinese editor for publication of an

article on kings which stated that the Japanese Emperor was a mere figurehead, despite the pretensions of his divinity and almost absolute authority. Actually, of course, he is as much of a figurehead as the King of England; all the political struggles in Tokyo, including the February 26, 1936, uprising, are merely to get possession of the person of the Emperor in order to issue edicts in his name.

In such a vigorous totalitarian theocracy as Japan, the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, or Voltaire, or John Stuart Mill are as subversive as those of Karl Marx. Fortunately—or rather unfortunately—Jefferson and Voltaire and Mill do not have as devoted disciples today as Marx, and so the Japanese thought controllers are frequently ignorant of them. Nothing by or about Marx (save in sweeping denunciation) can enter the country legally, and there have been instances of confiscation of books by Voltaire from the baggage of foreign visitors. On my last visit to Japan, on which I passed the customs but not the immigration, I had a copy of selected works from Voltaire, but the inspector passed it in blissful ignorance.

Except in the case of "radicals" with names so well known that even Japanese officials are aware of them, books in foreign languages are judged chiefly by their titles. Certain words have acquired diabolical significance in the Japanese official mind. One is "social." Ever since an anarchist attempt on the life of the Emperor in 1910, this word has been a synonym for treason. Even economists have had to refrain from using its Japanese equivalent in scientific studies. Any book with the word "social" or some form thereof in its title immediately arouses sinister suspicion and is usually confiscated. "Red" also has a similar effect, and a sentimental novel of the American pre-Civil War South entitled *So Red the Rose* was recently confiscated from a visitor.

The Japanese customs authorities require every person entering the country to fill out a form giving title, author, and nature of contents of each publication in his or her possession. The publications themselves are then inspected, but unless titles or authors are in the proscribed categories, one can bank heavily on Japanese ignorance of literature in foreign languages. Censorship of publications entering by post is somewhat erratic. Less

attention is paid to what goes to foreigners than to what goes to Japanese. In any event, the Japanese never ban a foreign magazine entirely as the Chinese do; only any given issue regarded as subversive is confiscated.

Film censorship is chiefly devoted to suppression of kisses and anything that might be regarded as anti-war propaganda. All kisses are usually eliminated from foreign motion pictures, for to the Japanese official mind public osculation is the last word in the moral degradation of the outer barbarians. Pictures showing the horrors of war are severely cut or banned entirely, and the latest edict is that in hospital scenes all the groans of the wounded are to be silenced. Nothing must be done to shatter the illusion fostered by the militarists that war is a noble enterprise.

In social life, Japanese censorship is largely an effort to prevent the younger generation from being infected by Western *mores*. Once the police started a vigorous campaign against girls in foreign dress going about with bare legs, although nudity *per se* is not offensive to the Japanese; in fact, mixed bathing in the nude was an old Japanese custom. Dancing is under ban, although a lot of it goes on in the beer-halls of Tokyo when the police officers are at the other end of their beats.

Except that the Emperor is not only beyond criticism, but above mention by his name, the press in Japan is still somewhat freer than in China. The ministers may be, and often are, criticized severely, but always on the basis that they are not furthering the best interests of the Emperor.

The present pronounced tendency in Japan is towards increasing limitation of such freedom of the press as now exists; in every way, indeed, the few democratic ideas that ever penetrated the country are dying out. Within the past year, the militaristic super-chauvinists have employed the direct action of hooligans to silence press criticism of the army. One newspaper some months ago frankly announced that it would no longer dare criticize the army, and advised its readers to bear this in mind.

Thus, after brief flirtation with Western freedom, both China and Japan are getting back to their ancient Celestial mental seclusion—while more and more European lands follow them along this road to darkness.

A CENTURY OF COMMUNICATIONS

BY GEORGE GODWIN

JUST a century ago the first telegraphic message was sent from Euston Square to Camden Town by its inventors. It is a strange thought that it took Cæsar no longer to get a message from Imperial Rome to England than it took the traveller of the reign of William IV.

When Marlborough saw the French fleeing before his men at Blenheim, he wrote from his saddle a message for transmission through his Duchess to the Queen and bade a horseman ride "Hell for leather" with it. That ride lasted four days and four nights, and was followed by a three-day wait for a Channel crossing.

Again, the Indian Mutiny of 1857 had been many weeks a fact before the first labouring sailing ships brought word of the disaster to a London in complete ignorance of events of terrific import within the Empire.

Last year, two seconds after the winner had flashed past the winning-post at Epsom, New York, Buenos Aires and Cape Town had the Derby result. One may therefore speak of miracles of modern science without hyperbole.

Nowadays not only can a message pass around the globe in less time than you will need to traverse this line with your eye, but pictures, drawings, charts, documents and all manner of photographable objects can be projected in facsimile through the ether.

And all these achievements are the large growth of an experiment conducted by Dr. Watson in the middle of the seventeenth century, when he sent an electric current through two miles of wire. That was, perhaps, the moment of generation of the world's communications today; but at the time it passed with no more than a quickening of curiosity among a few scientists and a general scepticism among the multitude. Yet that simple experiment was to change the modern world.

After Dr. Watson's first success nothing was done to advance the practical application of his discovery until in 1837 William

Fothergill Cooke and Professor Charles Wheatstone met at King's College, London, and pooled their experimental work. In May of that year these two pioneers signed an agreement of partnership. In June they secured the first patent ever granted for an electrical signalling apparatus and in July successfully transmitted the first telegraph message from Euston Square to Camden Town.

The public, however, could see no importance in the discovery and the railway company soon gave the inventors notice to quit. Two years later the Great Western Railway installed the telegraph between Paddington and West Drayton, the line costing £300 a mile. An advertisement which was inserted in the *Railway Times* in 1842 invited the attention of railway companies, engineers and others requiring certain and instantaneous means of communication between distant points to Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone's electrical telegraph.

But it was not for a further period of three years that the public took any interest in the new discovery, and then it was in a manner which some would style peculiarly English. The telegraph was instrumental in securing the arrest of a murderer. Public curiosity was aroused.

Another milestone was reached when the South Eastern Railway installed the new apparatus and inaugurated the first telegram service, fixing the charge a little higher than its railway fares, lest the telegraph should become the successful competitor of the steam engine.

In 1846 Cooke negotiated with John Ricardo, M.P., and formed the Electric Telegraph Company, selling the patent jointly held by himself and Wheatstone for £140,000 to the new company. Within a year, despite financial difficulties, the company had erected twelve hundred miles of telegraph line in the British Isles. Two years later St. Martin's le Grand comes into the picture for the first time as carrier of telegraphic messages for the public. The rates for those first telegrams have a certain interest today. Twenty words at a penny per mile for the first fifty miles, three ha'pence for the next fifty miles and, thereafter, a ha'penny per mile, was the scale.

Inevitably, the question of the limits of electrical telegraphy came to the front. Could the system be used to link the British

Isles with the Continent, for instance? This question was put to Wheatstone by a member of the Select Committee set up to enquire into the matter. The inventor gave it as his opinion that no difficulty lay in the way of transmitting messages along a copper cable laid on the sea-bed. His sanguine view was not shared by the men of science of his day, and, among others, Airey, the Astronomer Royal, ridiculed the idea. Nevertheless, the "Goliath" successfully laid a cable across the Channel from Dover to Gris Nez, and the first cable message ever flashed under the sea-bed was handed with due ceremony to the French Emperor. He read it while London was chuckling at the jester who asked in a humorous periodical whether it was intended to communicate by means of this cable as one does between drawing room and kitchen—by pulling upon it?

The technical difficulties the inventors faced were many. The cable between Dover and France lasted so short a time that charges of fraud were whispered against the inventors. The chief trouble was in solving the problem of efficient insulation, and it was not until Dr. Montgomery hit upon gutta-percha as the ideal substance that an adequately-protected cable was achieved.

The success of the second Channel cable so nourished faith in the possibilities of more daring submarine adventures that in 1856 the Atlantic Telegraph Company was floated with a capital of £350,000, the British and American Governments putting up part of that sum. The first attempt failed when the cable snapped and £100,000 was lost. The second attempt likewise proved a failure, but in July, 1858 the "Great Eastern," Brunel's famous mammoth paddle-ship, set out to spin out the third cable and succeeded. Associated in this great adventure were Lord Kelvin, Cyrus Field and John Pender, a Manchester business man, whose idea it was to utilize the "Great Eastern."

The laying of the Atlantic cable was an undertaking carried through in the face of a widespread criticism which included the learned Professor Airey's forthright *non possumus*. When it was actually done, it was described by Professor Morse as the "feat of the century"—to be soon eclipsed by the laying of the trans-Australian line, an undertaking, though less appealing to popular imagination, actually, far more arduous, dangerous and difficult.

It is interesting to note that the charges for messages were originally £20 for as many words, as a minimum, and a pound for every additional word. Today, by night cable letter, with delivery next morning, the charge for twenty-five words, London New York, is six shillings and three pence !

The nineteenth century, which saw so many scientific marvels that the popular mind became inured to miracles (as do our minds today), was also the age of scepticism. The men who laid the foundations of the nerve system of the globe, as we accept them today without a second thought, had to contend with official inertia and that attitude of mind which has become associated with a mythical Colonel Blimp. There was, for instance, the Government's considered reply to a request for official investigation of the new invention : "Telegraphs of any kind other than those now in use are *entirely unnecessary*, as the Government are fully satisfied with the semaphore system."

Thirty years after the laying of the first Atlantic cable, when it may well have seemed to scientific man that the path of progress in communications lay solely along the line of technical improvements of existing scientific principles, Marconi, then only twenty-three years of age, was experimenting with oscillations in the ether set up by sparks and thus laying the foundation for the next giant step in the annihilation of space. In 1897 the first wireless signal station was set up ; this is to say, the intricate and world-wide system of wireless is the growth of only forty years. Four years later the Atlantic was spanned by a wireless beam, and a new era in communications opened up. Finally, only ten years ago, the beam system ended the dissipation of wireless waves through the ether and introduced the single beam. Since then, has followed the wireless telephone whereby air pilots are enabled to keep their course and to ask or receive instructions.

It used to be said that trade followed the flag : today it might be said that trade tends to flow in the direction of the most efficient communications. As General Smuts put it at the Imperial Conference of 1926 :

Communications are of the essence of our Empire and unless we succeed in solving some of the most urgent problems of more rapid communications it will be almost impossible in the future to hold together this vast Empire scattered over the whole globe.

Three years after those words were spoken there began that process of rationalization which resulted in the merging of the many existing systems of communication into an Imperial public utilities company under the style of Cables and Wireless and the Chairmanship of Mr. Edward Wilshaw. This new unified system, linked with every Colony and Dominion, controlling 165,000 miles of submarine cable, functions today in a twofold way : it links and makes one organic whole the widely-separated parts of the Empire : and it relates the imperial economy to world communications as a whole.

The maintenance of Empire communications, the vast nerve system whose impulses transmit 200 million words a year, is a true miracle of modern invention, *plus* organization, applied to the uses of the modern world. In times of peace Empire communications unify the many scattered parts of the Empire for trade, economic, political and social purposes. Take, as a typical example, the Kenya stations at Nairobi and Mombasa. At the first station the staff handle what is a key-station for Africa and one of supreme strategical importance. Here a direct beam wireless telegraph service is maintained with London, and air telegraph service maintained for Imperial Airways aircraft flying the London-Cape Town route ; and a broadcasting service through the Colony. On the coast, Mombasa handles the cable, wireless telegraph to ships at sea and a direct wireless telephone service with England.

But a system adequate to the purposes of a world at peace is not necessarily adequate to a world at war. In peace-time a single system of Empire communications, well maintained, is enough. In war inter-imperial communications represent the flow of life-blood, and a break-down through enemy action at any point applies a tourniquet which, paralyzing a part, cripples the whole.

Today our Empire communications, despite the amazing efficiency of their administration, face very real difficulties. They include the problem of the increasingly crowded ether ; the difficulties presented by the development of broadcasting, with television looming up on the scientific horizon ; and, lastly the economic factor of keeping on a sound basis a service which is as essential to the life of the Empire as its Fleet.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE is much to be said for ceremony, and the English people have amongst their other orderly instincts a fine sense for the use of it. Coronation Day was, of course, London's high festival, but no little town in all Great Britain was going to let London have all the ceremony to itself. Scotland, where I write, is beflagged to the last village. Every township claims its part in a national celebration, which centres about two young figures and their children. It is the domestic ceremony of an Empire. Hereditary rule means family rule, and each renewal of sovereignty is a family event to which all the Empire finds itself invited.

The Coronation

It would be absurd to say that King George the Sixth commands a personal allegiance, as Herr Hitler does or Signor Mussolini. These men are themselves, and have become what they are in right of their own qualities. In so far as they are truly representative of their people, it is because they have forced Germany and Italy into a likeness of themselves. They have no past, however much they may attempt to conjure up by rhetoric august shadows assenting to their supremacy. King George, in himself a simple English gentleman without pretension or ambition, as Sovereign of England and of the Empire, is what the past has made him; he embodies a tradition of kingship painfully wrought out through many centuries, a tradition of kingly conduct, passed on, sometimes superbly, sometimes unworthily, through a line of ancestors, the last of whom, his own father, was the most unassuming monarch that ever wore a crown. Yet he added to its dignity in an epoch when many crowns were tossed like rubbish into the scrap-heap.

Foreign observers at the Silver Jubilee of King George the Fifth, when they saw every street door in Poplar and Limehouse decked out with bunting, thought that the Government must have spent a great deal of money. They would hardly believe that

nine-tenths of the decoration was unsubsidized and uncontrolled. Now, in this more formal ceremony, Church and State provide the nucleus of the pageant; they do it in the English way, lavishly and handsomely; they have at their command all the inherited beauty and magnificence of masonry wrought and sculptured when Kings of England were only at the beginning of their long apprenticeship to the task of harmonizing sovereignty with freedom. Yet all this central ceremonial, music and voices and solemn gestures in the Abbey, all this procession of dignitaries, all the parade of troops, would be no more than a theatrical performance if it were not caught up, amplified and extended by voluntary participation over the whole kingdom and the Empire at large.

Foreigners find it hard to understand how a nation which prides itself on championship of democracy—and is indeed the strongest support that democracy finds in Europe today—should display such enthusiasm for the ritual of kingship. One answer is easy. The sovereign is to Britain a symbol, embodying the greatness of Britain—its riches, its majestic power; prelates, statesmen and lawyers in their robes, guards and troops in splendid array, fill out the significance. Britain and the Empire are crowned in the King's person. Yet that answer would leave out what is best and has most meaning. It would leave out the friendliness, the cordial well-wishing, as of villagers to their new squire. The King and his family can be much more than symbols—at all events to the people of Great Britain. Nobody with any candour will undervalue the difficulty of the part which the royal family have to play, and of which the chief difficulty falls on the King. Tradition has determined that he shall be trained for his task much like the son of any well-to-do country gentleman. Public school tradition, university tradition, and the closely allied tradition of the two great Services, all influence the moulding of his character. All these traditions agree in one important particular. They push the dislike of showing off to such a point that avoidance of exhibitionism leads to an actual vice, which one might call inhibitionism. French generals in the war talked to their men in a way of which British generals are morally and

**The Symbol
of Britain**

intellectually incapable—Lord Haig, perhaps, the most incapable of all. Personal leadership was lessened, because the training of all these men forced them to keep their feelings to themselves and to regard any appeal to other men's emotions as almost indecent.

Yet the English King, trained in this tradition, must, if he is to fulfil his mission, achieve more than merely never to do the wrong thing. He must develop a rare talent for personal contacts ; in private and public, he is in one sense a figure for display and must be able to convey to multitudes a personal impression. Happily, where there is good will on both sides, more than half the effect is produced by those on whom it has to be produced. English people do not often misunderstand a man whom they like, and affection gathers where trust is given. George the Fifth had little genius for expressing what was in his mind—and what mattered more, in his heart. He was, one might say, incapable of gesture ; yet after five and twenty years he found himself almost stupefied by the evidences of his own popularity. That affection is eager, as we can all see, to transmit itself to his son. It will be of a different kind from that which went out so easily to Edward the Eighth, in quick response to a talent for winning gesture, not often seen in English monarchs since the Hanoverian line came in. Curiously enough, but it is part of the contradictions with which the whole status of English kingship is shot through and through, King George the Fifth was loved by his people for his loyalty. Whether they knew it or not, they felt him to be a typical British naval officer, conservative to the marrow of his bones, but because he was King of England, conservative of democracy. Confidence that the same faithfulness will be shown by the Throne to the people inspires today all the demonstrations, which are of affection, rather than in any limited sense of loyalty.

At such a time as this, one inevitably looks at all in relation to the central event ; but actually the new King's Coronation links itself with the voluntary stepping down of the Crown's foremost servant. Mr. Baldwin's Retirement has spoken to the House of Commons as one whose days in it are numbered ; and with the skill that he

commands he claimed privilege of long service. Nothing that he has ever spoken there was more moving than the appeal which he addressed to both sides in a great industrial dispute. The eyes of the world were on England, he said, because of the Coronation, and what happened in England was vital to the cause of democracy. He did not stop to enlarge upon the paradox which seemed to be implied ; possibly, indeed, so English he is, it never presented itself to him. But essentially his plea was that in the interest of democracy two groups of citizens should compose a quarrel whose imminence threw a shadow over the new reign. He did not seek to lessen the difficulty of what he asked, which was in effect that two powerful combinations opposed in interest should abstain from putting their strength to the test, as they were legally entitled to do, even at the cost of inflicting injury on those who were no parties to the quarrel—indeed, of injuring the nation itself. That legal right is, as Mr. Baldwin pointed out, a part of the “ free institutions ” under which the English people have chosen to live. There is no power in the Government to coerce either the employers or the workmen. They can make civil war of the kind which free institutions sanction, or they can make peace. Mr. Baldwin chose to emphasize, above all, that peace with honour attained at this moment would be a triumph for democracy.

With the tact, or rather to use his own word, with the wisdom that has been his special attribute, he refrained from asking either employers or employed to do anything, or refrain from doing, for the sake of the Crown. What he chose to point out was that in certain European countries, democracy is in disrepute, and industrial truth was regarded as a chronic symptom of its incompetence ; and that it is dangerous to let the dictatorships exaggerate the weakness of democracy. On the other hand, he went on to remind his immediate hearers, and the immense mass of others whom his words must reach, how great esteem was felt in America and France and throughout all our dominions, “ for the manner in which British democracy had passed through the economic storm and the industrial troubles resulting from it.” Then, lastly, he made his appeal “ to that handful of men with whom rests the issue of peace or war ” to bring, as supreme offering to the high ceremonial when “ the young King and Queen will

kneel to dedicate themselves to the service of their people," a proof that democracy "can still at heart practise the arts of peace in this world of strife"—freedom and allegiance, the Crown and democracy; Mr. Baldwin is too wise to argue about the relations between them. Yet probably it would be truer to say that he is too English to feel the need of argument: they are to him, because he is English, inextricably linked.

Foreign nations incline to complain that the English always want to have a thing both ways. It has to be admitted that somehow or other, in defiance of logic, they frequently and even habitually succeed in getting it; and the Coronation as a high festival of democracy is a crowning example of the national genius for successful paradox.

There is, of course, another element active within the British people, and within every other democracy today, which regards such compromise as pernicious and demoralising. It is represented in the House of Commons, yet there Mr. Baldwin's speech induced its representatives to maintain a friendly silence. Quite possibly Mr. Maxton and his colleagues may be blamed by some of their supporters for not renewing their dissent; though probably they themselves know that while Conservative leadership is what Mr. Baldwin has made it, and while the Crown continues to be what it has been, extremist propaganda fights a losing game in England.

There is, however, a real danger on the other side. Thousands of good citizens are convinced that such manifestations as the "sit down" strikes in France and in America, and the bus men's strike in London are proof of Moscow's interference. Very likely Moscow is glad to see them happen, though it looks increasingly as if Moscow were too much concerned about Russian affairs to spare time or energy for promoting world revolution. Still, there is no doubt that the example of Russia has produced potent effects throughout the world. Here is a State where the underdogs got on top, and the State continued to function, in some ways with increased efficiency—just as it did in France after the Revolution. One good result in the civilized democracies has been a disposition to listen with

sympathy to complaints from the underdog, and not only from fear that a worse thing might happen. Discontent is no longer regarded as disgraceful, and even the most inconvenient expressions of it are tolerated.

A great many Englishmen and Englishwomen think that it was unfair—worse than that, unsportsmanlike—for the bus-

The Bus Strike

men to force their case on the public mind by timing a strike so that it should inflict the greatest possible inconvenience. A good many hold that this is another proof of Russia's activity. Nevertheless the men's case is listened to. Mr. Baldwin says that if democracy is to work, every citizen must do his share of thinking, and the public is not refusing to think. We all of us in London, perhaps a dozen times a day, entrust our life and limb to a man who is paid less than five pounds a week for conveying us safely and as fast as conditions permit. We had not realized that the strain involved increases daily with the multiplication of motor traffic, and that in reality more work, more nervous energy, is exacted in the same time. What the men want is not more pay, but a shorter day ; and the only answer given is that at the fares charged it is not possible to shorten the hours. Where does Moscow come into this story ? No attempt has been made to paralyse society, as there would be in a general transport strike ; at most there has been a rude determination to catch the public ear at all costs. For it is in reality an appeal to the public, and the public seems inclined to sympathize with men from whom they get unfailing courtesy. The danger would be if honest economic discontent were treated as disloyal.

We have not as yet any clear view of the military effectiveness of the bombing of Guernica, how much nearer it brings General

The Bombing of Guernica

Franco's forces to the breaking down of Basque resistance. We do know that it gives a picture of what can be done from the air to an undefended town when air superiority is for the moment complete ; and we know that some military experts regard the doing of such things as legitimate and even above criticism. Frankly, for a good many of us who had no decided partisanship in the Spanish struggle, this goes far to give our wishes a decided tilt.

Such observers at the beginning were inclined to hold that a victory for General Franco's side would be the best thing for Spain and for European civilization. That feeling has lessened in proportion as his success appeared to depend more on outside support ; yet certainly the Government side also had much backing that was not Spanish. But if victory for the Nationalist side is to be gained by such methods as were employed at Guernica, it is not believable that such a victory will be of advantage to Spain, or to Europe. Friendship with Germany, and friendship with Italy is greatly to be desired ; but it cannot be offered or accepted on the basis that Germany and Italy are to do whatever seems right in their eyes in order to stamp out whatever they may consider to be a centre of Russian influence in Europe. While they enter into a pact of non-intervention in Spain, their most accredited spokesmen give it plainly to be understood that this is subject to one condition ; the Government side in Spain must not be allowed to win.

Mr. Eden very rightly continues to negotiate, holding that every day by which actual rupture is postponed lessens the chance of catastrophe ; but he does not refuse to allow British vessels to run the blockade off Bilbao at their own risk, and he limits that risk to territorial waters. Further, he uses the British navy to evacuate non-combatants from the besieged town. If there had been any doubt as to that last decision, no British Government could refuse to take it after the example of Guernica. The cases are indeed not identical, for Bilbao is strongly defended ; but one result of the employment of "frightfulness" has been to create in England a disposition to do all that neutrality will permit towards lessening the horrors which General Franco's borrowed armaments can inflict.

Nevertheless, in fairness it should be remembered that wherever the Nationalists have occupied the country they appear to have been able to hold it under a normal rule ; and this cannot be said of the regions where the Spanish government is in control. Barcelona has been ravaged by new civil strife, which at the moment seems to be checked ; but if it spreads, victory for the other side is certain. The failure of Government to govern

Aid to Non-Combatants

within its limited area may decide the issue, even in Catalonia. Should it come to that, General Franco may well regret that methods of savagery have rendered it difficult for him to attain a peaceful settlement in the Basque country in any case what has happened in Barcelona is a clear enough indication that Moscow's influence on the Government action is vastly less than has been supposed.

But, looking at it all in relation to the Coronation, Europe, which watches the various achievements of Germany and Italy in the Spanish arena, sees at the same time the British fleet carrying out on the high seas errands of mercy ; and comparison of these two efforts does not show democracy in an unfavourable light, nor disparage the new reign.

In his most famous speech, Lord Grey of Fallodon—then Sir Edward Grey—spoke of Ireland as the “ one bright spot.”

Ireland's At this moment it is unfortunately the one spot
New which does not reflect the general glow of satis-
Constitution faction. Mr. de Valera naturally enough does not feel able to take part with the rest of the Empire while Ireland's position in it remains undefined, or not defined to his satisfaction. He has chosen this moment to propose a new Constitution which defines Ireland's relation to the King and the Commonwealth by making no mention of them at all. The publication of this document, which is presumably the draft of a Bill for submission to a new Parliament, awakened curiously little interest in Ireland. Only one response was prompt and emphatic. The Constitution proposed that the country shall henceforward be known as “ Eire.” Mr. Alfred Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin, asserted at once that “ Ireland ” is a much more famous name and should not be surrendered. No one welcomed or disapproved with any emphasis the proposal for a new Senate having extremely limited powers. Attention centred on the new office of President as official head of the State which it was universally assumed that Mr. de Valera designed for himself. It has a tenure of seven years ; it does not involve attendance in Parliament ; and its powers might be whatever the first occupant of the office could make them. The elected Dáil has at least a theoretical control, and the headship of the

army, though vested in the President, is said to be exercisable by a Minister responsible to Parliament. However, the main fact is that no keen interest has been aroused. It is everywhere assumed that Mr. de Valera will strengthen his position at the coming General Election ; and, in short, that things will go on much as they have been doing. Under his rule, the illegal secret army (I.R.A.) has been reduced to passivity ; if he were in opposition, it is assumed that this organization would revive with encouragement from his partisans. Relations with Great Britain will continue to be those of bad neighbours : a state of things that is neither pleasant nor profitable. Arguments why it should be ended will be found in a very able book, *Ireland and the Empire*, by Mr. Henry Harrison, as gallant an Irishman as served in the European war. But he thinks that the real difficulty is on the constitutional question, and that the economic and financial dispute is a detail. My own view is that if this detail were settled, as it could be without loss of prestige, by arbitration, the other would settle itself, probably through the agency of the other Dominions, which wish to retain Ireland among them. And the number of Irishmen who wish to be outside the Commonwealth, realizing all the loss that this implies is very small. I have never yet been able to decide whether it includes Mr. de Valera.

Beyond the Atlantic a great airship perishes in a blast of flames : within two days fliers are in London carrying pictures of the destruction, caught by the omnipresent camera. A different magic is needed to conjure up for us the stir and bustle of life that was being lived in another century. That is the charm for me in *The Marley Papers*, now edited by Professor Warwick Bond. We have here the correspondence of people, not remarkable in themselves, but well placed to meet

Byron and the Polite World those who are remarkable, in an age when Byron was at his zenith, when war against Napoleon was going on, when Shelley was a schoolboy, and the Prince Regent provided lavish matter for gossip. Lady Charleville is the centre of the correspondence.

Originally Catherine Dawson, of wealthy Anglo-Irish stock, she was educated in France before the Revolution, in days when the gentry of these islands were more closely in touch with French

thought and manners than at any time since Napoleon's day. She married first Mr. Tisdall, another descendant of Cromwellian settlers. He died young, leaving her with a son, very handsomely endowed. The widow then married John Philip Bury, yet another of the Cromwellian strain; and he, by his services in the Irish Parliament at the time of the Union, attained to the Earldom of Charleville in the Irish peerage. Lady Charleville, by her shrewdness and her taste for lion hunting, became a well-known figure, first in Dublin and then in London. That very great lady and mother of heroes, Lady Sarah Napier, commended her to the best society of the day; and the part of the papers from which Professor Bond has made his selection (it goes down to 1820) is full of details about this illustrious brood. But the Napiers are well enough known to us already through their own words, and there is really more interest in the letters which tell us what an Etonian's life was like between 1806 and 1809. Lady Charleville's son, James Tisdall, made friends with Shelley, and four letters show us the poet much less different from other Eton boys than might have been expected. Others from another well-provided lad suggest that although Greek was not predominant as now, there was fun to be had—as well as chastisement. Dr. Keate certainly whipped something into his pupils, for they can all indicate in delicate Greek that part of their anatomy on which his attentions were bestowed.

Byron as a figure in London society becomes more real when we read an ordinary courteous (though quite probably mendacious) expression of regret for the miscarriage of an invitation from Lady Charleville. He is "truly sorry that it is not in his power to accept it without breaking another, though less agreeable engagement." Tom Moore's report of Byron's relations with La Guiccioli and her husband is amusing though not quite to be trusted; for it came to Lady Charleville through the nimble pen of Lady Morgan who puts her own sprightly twist on everything. There are a number of her letters in the volume and, like her or not, one cannot deny that she, more than anyone in this group, sets old ghosts walking before us. When the Duchess of Wurtemberg tells Lady Morgan that she "*abhorred* Byron, but would rather sit and converse with him than any other in the world," that time becomes real.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PEACEFUL CHANGE

By E. H. CARR.

**HISTORY OF PEACEFUL CHANGE
IN THE MODERN WORLD**, by
C. R. M. F. Cruttwell. *Oxford University
Press.* 7s. 6d.

"Peaceful change" is one of the most important of those slogans which play so important a role in politics, whether domestic or international. It is the essential quality of such slogans that they should have a wide appeal. The catchword "peaceful change" pleases those who argue that the world is not static and that the present distribution of the world's goods as between nations cannot last for ever; and it equally pleases those who insist on the establishment of some new international order under which all changes shall be effected, not by war, but by peaceful means. Mr. Cruttwell, approaching the subject from the standpoint of the historian, has endeavoured to write a "history of peaceful change" from the settlement of Vienna to the settlement of Versailles. The result is sobering, if not discouraging. The volume is a small one; a good part of it is taken up in discussing cases whose claim to be regarded as "peaceful change" is, on the author's admission, decidedly dubious; and the clearest of the impressions which the attentive reader will derive from the book is perhaps the extreme difficulty of discovering what "peaceful change" is. For it is also an essential quality of

successful political slogans that they should not be too precise.

An idealist will clearly be unwilling to admit as legitimate examples of "peaceful change" alterations made as the result of a threat or declaration of war. When Austria annexed the Free City of Cracow in 1846, the inhabitants were not foolhardy enough to resist. But was this "peaceful change"? Supposing that the Hoare-Laval Plan had been accepted by Italy and Abyssinia in December, 1935, and the frontier between them settled on the basis proposed in the Plan, would that have been "peaceful change"? A somewhat better case might be made out for including changes made by peaceful means, even though they are the direct result of a war, such as the post-war plebiscites. But what of changes produced by the unilateral denunciation of treaties, such as the Russian denunciation of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris in 1870, the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, and Germany's repudiation of the military restrictions of the Versailles Treaty in 1935 and 1936? These changes were certainly effected without war, but scarcely by methods usually contemplated by advocates of "peaceful change." Finally, what of bargains like the Anglo-German Agreement of 1890, exchanging Heligoland for a zone of influence in East

Africa, or the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States? These are, strictly speaking, cases of "peaceful change." But being a mere barter of equivalents, they do nothing to solve those problems of readjustment for which "peaceful change" is nowadays offered as a remedy.

When Mr. Cruttwell has discussed and eliminated all dubious cases, it appears that only two pure and indisputable examples of "peaceful change" can be discovered in the whole expanse of history from Vienna to Versailles. In 1864, Great Britain freely and without return handed over Corfu and the Ionian Islands, held by her since 1815, to Greece. But in fact, as Mr. Cruttwell points out, all she was doing was to relinquish "a responsibility which had brought her no money and much trouble" in return for making Greece (who had just called a brother of the Princess of Wales to the throne) her ally in the East Mediterranean. In 1905, Norway seceded from Sweden and became a separate kingdom. But this change, though it was resented by some circles in Sweden, was little more than the legal recognition of an existing fact; for nothing but a personal union had ever held the two kingdoms together.

To these nineteenth century examples must now be added the modifications in the regime of the Straits made last year, at the request of Turkey, by the Montreux Conference. But, useful as was the work of the Montreux Conference, its significance for the student of "peaceful change" can easily be exaggerated. Turkey's claims had the strong support of the neighbouring Powers, the Soviet Union and Greece. Prior to 1935, they would have been opposed by Great Britain and Italy. But the Abyssinian adventure worked for Turkey in two ways. It removed Italy from the field (she did not attend the Montreux Conference), and it made Great Britain

anxious for Turkish co-operation. There was no longer any bar to the realization of Turkish ambitions. This was not a case of a clash of rival ambitions such as creates the major political problems of the world of to-day.

The results of Mr. Cruttwell's exhaustive study must then be regarded as mainly negative. As a historian, he points no moral; and his *obiter dicta* are not altogether consistent. Thus while he refers in one place to "the evils inherent in an attempt to arrive at a peaceful settlement when neither party desires what is just and equal but merely its own advantage," he observes elsewhere that "every cession of territory is dictated by motives of self-interest." He realizes the difficulty of enforcing "peaceful change"—for this conception of force appears to invalidate the peacefulness of the change. But he ignores the even greater difficulty of discovering an "impartial" organ to pronounce on the legitimacy of a demand for change.

The trouble is that there is no generally admitted standard of international "justice," and that each national conception of justice is often only too clear reflexion of national interest. Everyone—to take but one simple example—does lip-service to the principle of self-determination. But how many people would accept an "impartial" system which applied it equally to Czechoslovakia, to Ireland, to Egypt and to Tropical Africa? "Peaceful change" certainly has a future, and one would like to see that future organized into something like an international system. But if such a system is to work it cannot afford to ignore the "motives of self-interest" and the considerations of power-politics which dominate even our different national conceptions of international justice. Mr. Cruttwell's book will perform a useful service if it helps to promote clear thinking on this point.

IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE

By

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

IRELAND AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1937, by Henry Harrison, D.B.E., M.C. *Robert Hale*. 10s. 6d.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC, by Dorothy Macardle. *Gollancz*. 25s.

The new Constitution for the Irish Free State (in future likely to be known as *the Free State*) gives a topical interest to both these books; rearmament should give a further and greater importance to the subject.

The Anglo-Irish settlement of 1921, says Capt. Harrison, was dictated for Ireland by considerations along the lines—"Better a willing friend than a contentious subject . . . and one which had world-wide affiliations of potent influence." The neutrality of the Dominions in time of war, he proceeds, is merely academic as a point in constitutional law, but real and vital when the Empire is "bracing itself to sustain the pressure of new strains and stresses." He then produces plausible figures to prove that Ireland's importance in such a period is immense. According to these figures the Irish Free State area contributed 8.1 per cent. of the population to His Majesty's forces during the war (as against 5.0 per cent. from the present Northern Ireland area), with a total of 1.14 per cent. as compared with Great Britain's 1.80, Australia 1.20, and New Zealand alone exceeding that contribution among the Dominions. Of the supplies of foodstuffs she exported to Great Britain in 1918 over 78 million pounds worth, a larger amount than any other

country except the U.S.A. According to the British treasury Ireland's monetary contribution to the prosecution of the World War was over £82,000,000.

He next concerns himself with the basis of the present unfortunate conflict, and considers at length both the historical and juristic aspects of the degree of autonomy granted by the Treaty. This leads to a definition of the meaning of Dominion Status as laid down by the Imperial Conference of 1917, and little more might have been needed on that score, were attempts not made after the Treaty of 1921 (they are still made) to deny to the Free State the rights of a free Dominion. This brings us ultimately to the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which took the Dominions "out of the category of colonies, and therefore out of the sphere of application of any legislation affecting the colonies"; made them "co-equal and freely associated nations of the Commonwealth"; and acknowledged that they possessed a sovereignty "unqualified as to internal affairs," and as to external affairs, a sovereignty only qualified by "a common allegiance to the Crown," and by those natural obligations following on a free association as members of a Commonwealth.

There, obviously, we come to the crucial point of the present strained relations between Great Britain and the Free State, and the difficulty and the interest of that focal position is that it eludes the definition of a merely formal

phraseology. "The quality of the allegiance to the Crown," says Capt. Harrison—that symbol of free association—"has not been authoritatively defined. . . . It is a constitutional crown and of symbolic import. It carries with it no unexpended prerogative beyond the control of Dominion legislatures." (Alterations as regards succession, for example, as we have recently seen, require the consent of all the members of the Commonwealth.) The Crown is not thus the warrant of external authority. Its powers rest on the Dominion constitution, and are controlled by the Dominion legislature. Its symbolical value is, however, paramount.

Lastly comes the dispute over the withheld annuities—testing and straining that binding symbol. "No one assumes," said Mr. J. H. Thomas, in July, 1935, "that the mere question of the annuities is the only difficulty. The Oath of Allegiance, the Governor-

General, 'a foreign king' as defined by Mr. de Valera, are fundamental to any settlement." And there we are back at the interpretation of the Treaty, as in the Statute of Westminster, and the Imperial Conference of 1917 had not made clear the co-equality and the lightly qualified sovereignty of the Free State. So that it seems—to follow the general trend of Mr. Harrison's argument farther than he has taken it—that the freedom of the "free association" of members of the Commonwealth with one another, where it impinges on Anglo-Irish relations, becomes perverted on the one hand by Mr. de Valera into a warrant for deserting that portion of the agreement which accepts the binding symbol of the Crown, while on the other hand the British Government wishes to attenuate that "freedom" by insisting that the moral obligations of the Treaty still operate over the head of the Statute of Westminster. So, Mr. de Valera must repudiate *both* the Statute *and* the Treaty before he can declare a Republic.

Mr. de Valera has now created a Constitution for the Free State which absolutely asserts the internal sovereignty of the Free State (or *Eire*). He still acknowledges the Crown as a symbol of Ireland's external association with the Commonwealth; he does so until he repudiates the Statute of Westminster. Why then, implies Mr. Harrison, cannot this petty dispute over monies be despatched as a purely business thing? He has thus done a service in lifting the whole position at once to a level of common-sense, and to a plane on which Anglo-Irish relations become a matter of the widest concern in view of the present grave portents with regard to the future of world peace.

Miss Macardle's book is a most detailed account of the internal Irish struggle for autonomy from 1916 to the Treaty. Biassed in favour of Mr. de Valera it still remains an indispensable reference book for all students of the period.

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THE UNDYING ARABS

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

HISTORY OF THE ARABS, by P. K. Hitti. *Macmillan*. 31s. 6d.

PROFESSOR HITTI is uncommonly well equipped for writing a history of that fascinating folk which inherited the possessions of such peoples as the Babylonians, the Chaldaeans, the Hittites, and the Phœnicians, but who, unlike them, are still a force to be reckoned with in our modern world, and who, indeed, would fain attain to a renaissance of their great past. And, though his canvas is immense—he traces the achievements of the Arabs from their dim beginnings in southern Arabia down to the eclipse of the Arab Caliphate at the hands of the Ottoman Turks in the sixteenth century—he has made an uncommonly neat and finished story of it. The material at his disposal was vast, for abundant literature exists both in Arabic and in European languages, but he never allows the trees to obscure the wood. He has, in short, performed a miracle of selection and of compression, and his work is likely for long to remain a standard book of reference.

He conveniently separates Arabian history into three divisions: (1) the Sabæo-Himyaritic period, ending at the beginning of the sixth century A.D.; (2) the *Jahiliyah*, or "Time of Ignorance," by which Arabs mean the century immediately preceding the advent of the Prophet Muhammad; and (3) the Islamic period, extending to the present day, even if for the last five

centuries it is the Turks rather than the Arabs who have borne the standard of Islam as a world-power.

Actually, upon the first period, as on the second, there is still considerable ignorance. We still know far too little of those highly civilized people in southern Arabia who founded and controlled the famous frankincense trade that went northwards by caravan up to the better known lands of the eastern Mediterranean, and who exercised much influence on the countries of east Africa. Nor do we know very much of that strange, rich tribe called the Nabatæans, whose centre was the rock-city of Petra, and whose descendants today are supposed by some to be the warlike Bedouin tribe of Huwaitat. Yet on this period new light is constantly being shed by explorers, archæologists, and scholars, and one day we may be able to speak more confidently about the amazing achievements of these peoples of the Arabian Peninsula.

Upon the second period we know still less: our information exists primarily upon legend. This "Time of Ignorance" was for the Arabians an heroic age. It was a period of poetry, depicting ideal types of Bedouin virtue. Scant addition to our knowledge can be expected on this stimulating period.

But, on the Islamic period, historians differ only in the extent of their survey of the available evidence and in their general approach to it. Professor Hitti appears to have studied all the sources,

and his approach is admirable, being neither sentimental nor biassed. He spills no undue words in praise of Muhammad, but he freely grants that the Prophet created in Arabia a nation never united before, a nation, in fact, whose centrifugal tendencies were ultimately to prove its undoing. Of the Koran he remarks that it is "the most widely read book ever written"; it has been translated, if unauthorizedly, into forty languages.

The astonishing expansion of Islam was in part due to economic causes. Many times the tribes of the desert had tried to burst through to fertile soil: the Islamic invasion was but the last, and the most notable, of such urges. It was in part also due to the extraordinary virility of the Arabs, who conquered the world from the Atlantic to the Indus. The notion that there was in the rise of Islam something providential, something in accordance with a divinely inspired plan, is not generally accepted today. But a natural interpretation of the growth of Islam by no means belittles the eagerness and the success with which uneducated tribesmen took the dying civilizations of the West under their wing, and so kept them alive as to be able to hand them back to a Europe which, but for the Arabs' might and perception from the eighth to the thirteenth century, would in all probability have lost them for ever.

The way in which Arab rulers, rudely assumed to be the most intolerant of men, utilised the services of Jews and Christians to make glorious their memories, still excites the wonder and admiration of the world. It is on these cultural achievements of the Arabs that Professor Hitti is particularly good. One would like to think that he may be persuaded to continue their story from their submergence under the Ottomans down to the present day—a work that badly needs doing, and which few could attempt with greater chance of success than he.

BACK FROM THE U.S.S.R., by
André Gide. Martin Secker and
Warburg. 2s. 6d.

40,000 AGAINST THE ARCTIC, by
H. P. Smolka. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

M. GIDE's *Back From the U.S.S.R.* has been wildly denounced in the Soviet Press. From being a hero fit to be mentioned in the same breath with Gorki he has become abominable, and now all honourable mention of him in Marxist literary criticism will have to be expunged—for instance, in Mr. Ralph Fox's recently published *The Novel and the People* which includes M. Gide among the Elect. More (and as though to point the soundness of his criticism of the Soviet regime), his non-political writings will come under the same ban. His novels which have hitherto been highly praised by Soviet critics will henceforth be scornfully rejected, and it will be the critics' business to find an explanation of their changed attitude towards them. What else are critics for?

The main criticism M. Gide offers of the Soviet regime is the obvious and unanswerable one that freedom has been abolished. Nonconformity is forbidden. The writer, the painter, the thinker, whoever would in any way comment on the life around and within him, must conform. Their productions must embody the latest version of a widely fluctuating Party Line. What Stalin thinks today they must also think today, if not yesterday, or perish, and where no official pronouncement has been made they must tread warily. Thus, M. Gide found to his surprise that when he proposed the health of the Spanish Government forces he created embarrassment instead of enthusiasm. This was because *Pravda* had not yet declared itself on the subject of the Spanish Civil War. No one knew what the Party Line was. The Government forces might be

heroes of the World Proletariat, or they might be "Social Fascists" masquerading as revolutionaries, or, worst of all, they might be Trotskyists. Until *Pravda* had made clear how they were to be regarded it was inexpedient to be too warm over toasting them, or too cold. The whole subject was best avoided altogether until they knew what they thought about it. When they had been told this they would know just how to respond to M. Gide's toast.

Such an attitude of mind must repel whoever values his critical faculties; and M. Gide, with all his veneration for the principles of the Russian Revolution, recognized that it undermined both art and scholarship. Unlike many of his fellow intellectuals of the Left he had the courage frankly to admit this. The Utopia he expected to find when he crossed the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. turned out to be another version of the France he had left, only less efficient, more vainglorious, and more intolerant of freedom.

Supposing M. Gide, or Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Bertrand Russell or Lord Passfield had been Soviet citizens and had attempted one hundredth part of the social criticism which in their own countries has brought them fame, a sufficiency of wealth, in one case a peerage even, how certainly would they have found their way to concentration camps if not to an untimely death! But in that paradise, it may be argued, they would not have felt impelled to criticize. M. Gide would anyway. He found much that saddened and shocked him, and he even wearied of the flattery and interminable adulation of Stalin—than which there is in the U.S.S.R. no more heinous crime.

M. Gide is interested primarily in character, in the quality of individuals. Practical achievement in itself does not impress him. It is the occupants of

houses, each particular one, not their construction, he cares about. Are they men or slaves? Is life for them full and rich or a shadow? Can they think and speak or only echo? Mr. H. P. Smolka is just the opposite. Achievement wins his immediate approval, and he fits individuals into the achievement like a child making a fort and then fitting in all the toy soldiers it has. He swims with the tide. Propaganda is unnecessary in his case since he premeditates it. The Soviet authorities knew they could trust Mr. Smolka to see the bright side of their new Arctic Empire, and they were right.

According to Mr. Smolka, this new Arctic Empire is going to be a very Big Thing indeed, a new America with a New Chicago and Newer York. New cities are springing up overnight peopled with ardent new people. Everything and everyone is new. The unanimity that depressed M. Gide enthralled Mr. Smolka, and he did not let qualitative considerations spoil his delight in quantitative achievements. He gives a glowing picture of enthusiasm, heroic endurance, a stupendous undertaking well on the way to being fulfilled and with illimitable possibilities. The picture is perhaps a little too glowing to be quite convincing; but even if all that Mr. Smolka writes is true, if the Arctic desert is going to blossom factory chimneys and resound with slogans—even then, M. Gide's objection remains valid. The people, the people who work in these factories and shout these slogans, what of them? What of their minds and their souls? Mr. Smolka is not much interested in such questions, and, if he were, he would probably refer the questioner to Stalin's amiable admonition—"Live better, comrades, live happier and more cultured!" and leave it at that.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

WORK AND PROPERTY, by Eric Gill.

Dent. 7s. 6d.

ALL serious artists today are revolutionary. But there are always two kinds of revolutionary thought: there is that which would transform man by transforming society and that which would change society by changing man. The one theory is political, the other religious. The interesting thing nowadays is that both sides are united in their dislike of our present middle-class industrial civilization, and a Catholic like Mr. Gill is as uncompromising in the expression of his contempt as are any of our communist poets. The artist, whatever his politics, protests against the frustration and introspection which are forced upon him by his inevitable isolation in our kind of society. But whereas the poets would turn all artists into citizen politicians, Mr. Gill would begin by turning all artists into sons of God. Our society makes the artist "a special kind of man" when, really, every man is a "special kind of artist"—such is the recurring theme of Mr. Gill's collection of essays and lectures.

They resolve themselves into sets of aphoristic utterances, the aphorisms of a man who is primarily a craftsman, who admits no clear-cut distinction between art and fine art and who applies the test of usefulness just as the communist applies the test of social purpose. The machine has killed the craftsman. Even the new type of craftsman, the man who invents, designs and makes machines, loses the spiritual benefit of craftsmanship because he is working under competitive industrialism. He is working not to please and to work well, but in order to sell cheaply and in quantity under the orders of men whose only interest in work is the remote one of usury. As a reward the worker is given leisure. Communism looks forward to the end of profit-making and exploitation, to the Leisure State but—Mr. Gill's

argument continues—communism is inevitable in some form or other, the communist is a mere progressive. We are well on the way to the Leisure State—to a world turned into a Hollywood of hedonism, a world of ennui, purposelessness and intellectual irresponsibility. Useless pictures, useless sculptures, pleasure for its own sake—*vide* birth control—are already with us. For it is wrong to say that our financiers and industrialists hate beauty or hate art; on the contrary, these are prized and loved, but as things apart. As so much ornament added. And hence we have those terrible museums and art galleries full of objects which have been uprooted from use and from any real meaning to the onlooker. They have been produced merely for pleasure and now hang or stand about like the contents of a fancy dress wardrobe made grotesque by time and the absence of occasion. And people who have been brought up by our kind of society to believe that beauty is something apart from the ordinary business of living and making yawn as they stare at them.

Mr. Gill has a good deal of that anarchism which is to be found in all artists and which is logical in a Christian. The future historian, when he comes to read the history of our time, will be struck by our profound moral *malaise*. He will see that the dissatisfaction of thoughtful men with the way we handled the advantages of civilization was so deep that they worked, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, to overthrow it. And not because it was not marvellously easeful and full of wonders but because they felt spiritually starved. Both the capitalist and the communist—it will be noted—were respectively fatalistic and cynical before the possibility of the overthrow of their civilization. The machine had hastened production, it would also hasten destruction. Our civilization would destroy itself. *Après moi le deluge* and then,

Viva le deluge; because then we would get a sane world. Or some one else, more sensible than we were, would get it. This is a pessimism which afflicts the religious man most, for his churches have most patently sold themselves to the system which is decaying. When the priests did nothing, it will be observed, it was the artists who turned preachers and became preoccupied with morality and human well-being. The rest said, "Give them dope" or "Give them holidays."

It would be impossible in this short space to answer Mr. Gill. What he says seems to me to be true as criticism but doubtful as prophecy. In any case he is a maker of aphorisms and suggestions, not a solid builder of themes and arguments. There is also a certain futility in argument conducted in such general and abstract terms. There are too many questions to ask before one begins the argument. Revolutionary theories whether religious or political are too exclusive. On Mr. Gill's own showing the machine is less the difficulty than the system under which it is run. It may be that, if the machine produces more leisure, men will recover their instinctive knowledge of the holiness of work in that leisure and that leisure work will oust machine work. The modern world is being run on an out-of-date system, and the angry cries of writers like Mr. Gill seem to me less the death agonies of our time than the groans of a moral and social indigestion due to maladjustment to the machine—a disease which can become chronic and weakening, which can even inspire desires for suicide, but which is curable by a change of diet and life.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by Bertram Newman. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

MR. NEWMAN points out that since 1931 four "acute and well-informed biographical studies" of Swift have been published; he notes also that "a definitive life" can hardly be accomplished while the results of several particular investigations are still to come. Perhaps they will not violently disturb the general arrangement, balance, and soundness of his study; and, however it may be compared or contrasted with its modern competitors, it can justly be recommended as a good book on Swift. The paradoxes and enigmas which exist in the story of Swift's life, and the eccentricities to be found among his writings, are apt to inspire in those who discuss his nature something like rhapsody; but Mr. Newman has not been taken that way. He brings no monster to the fair. In style and in interpretation he prefers reasonableness; and as for Swift's mental decline he consults modern authorities on such disease. It may be disappointing, and it *may* be wrong, but when he finds Swift in the letters to Vanessa referring to coffee, Mr. Newman believes that Swift means coffee—no decoding required.

This attitude towards a man who was indeed more conspicuously complex in his view of life and his personal relationships than most people is reasonable. The latest message we have had, so to speak, from Swift himself encourages it. Only a year has passed since Professor Nichol Smith brought out the extensive series of letters from Swift to Ford, in which there was a predominant good temper and steady light; in which hardly a trace appeared of that frenzy for calling a spade a spade, so much concentrated upon by many of Swift's anatomists. Of course, Mr. Newman does not wish or affect to reckon the obsession of Swift with "the physically disgusting" as nothing. But his portrait is not drawn

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

SEE THE
JULY ISSUE.

under the compulsion of that single element in "a character far too big to be explained by any formula." Many readers have been inclined to see in Swift's trivial writings—his elaborate verse riddles, his anglo-latin jargonings—some evidence of insanity; Mr. Newman's sympathetic insight finds there only proofs how hard it was for Swift to get amusement, though he adds, "All the same, there is something ghastly in seeing the author of *A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver* reduced to playing with words as a baby plays with counters."

The book includes, besides its careful narrative of Swift's personal life, plenty of literary criticism; it is not an addition to that class of biographies of authors which omit the authors. Mr. Newman very properly leaves to the specialists most of the bibliographical intricacy affecting the writings of Swift, but his notices of the books themselves are methodical, and will be valuable to the ordinary reader. He is perhaps not quite at his best in his references to Swift's verse. Swift, he says, "sets himself to depoeitize whatever theme he essays," and he calls up "*Baucis and Philemon*" as an example. Now, if it be "depoetizing" to give an ancient legend a vivid, Teniers-like renewal in an English scene, may we have more of it! The point is not specially important by comparison with Mr. Newman's sustained and wise observations on "*Gulliver*"—criticism in which large aspects and local details are alike displayed with ability, and set against a background of broader intellectual conditions.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

3/6

Allen & Unwin

SMALL TALK, by Harold Nicolson.
Constable. 6s.

TRAVELLER'S REST, by Philip Gosse.
Cassell. 8s. 6d.

THE essay and the autobiography have one essential quality in common; both depend for their appeal upon the play of personality upon experience; and in the fruits of the partnership personality is much the more significant factor. Without personality the most surprising experiences fall flat; but when the writer's personality is paramount, the least eventful life becomes illuminating.

Take these two books, for example; they afford an exact case in point. Partly essay, and partly autobiography, they both range over a wide field of interest and reflection. Both have the confidence of their own temperament and seem to take a relish in exploiting their own reactions to their environment. But their temperaments are poles apart. They might not unfairly be described as types respectively of the urban and the rural outlook. Though each has a vein of quiet irony, and an inclination to challenge the habits and sentiments of its world, Mr. Nicolson's literary temper is a product of the club and the Mall, Mr. Gosse's of the country lane and hedge-row. In effect, Mr. Nicolson is congenitally self-conscious, while Mr. Gosse is chiefly conscious of the natural world outside. The one dissects his own susceptibilities; the other botanizes in imagination between his garden paths. You make your choice according to your preference, and you will find plenty of engaging character and entertainment in them both.

The urban philosopher is perhaps not altogether innocent of pose; but it is a pose that rarely fails to stir an amused sympathy in his reader. For the qualities which he detects in himself are qualities common to the race—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Aren't we all shy, and "easy set back" in uncongenial company? Don't we all know

what it is to feel that all inanimate things are ranged in hostility against us, when our hands are clumsy, and our feet get in the way, when our ideas scatter, and we become momentarily void of words? Have we not all suffered ridiculous discomfort from the proximity of distasteful travelling companions? And who has not been confounded by the inexorable changes in decorum, and humiliated far more by a reflection upon one's taste than by a wholesale condemnation of one's morals? Upon themes like these Mr. Nicolson's glittering irony plays with a pleasant wit, and, when he allows himself to be directly autobiographical, he tells a story with commendable economy and piquant point. His chapter of "Coincidences" is delicious, and his recollections of America are rich in observation and good-natured criticism.

Mr. Philip Gosse's fragrant country book will have a more intimate charm for many readers, who prefer the friendly atmosphere of a *tête-à-tête* to the more sophisticated humour of the club dining-room. Mr. Gosse also can laugh at himself—at his habit of wandering away from the subject, at his native indolence and dislike of busybodies and fussers generally, at his inveterate preference for "leaving things alone." But his prevailing interest is not in himself but in the world around him, in the primroses and Lent lilies which he would protect from the all-devouring hiker, in the fish whose pursuit is more absorbing than their capture, in the birds whose eggs he refrains from taking, in the stealthy life of the woodland, which he is content to sit still and watch.

The only sounds we hear are the two laziest in the world; the drowsy, voluptuous crooning of turtle-doves and the languid droning of bumble bees. While listening to these, nothing seems to matter; why should we work and strive?—let the world go on, let nations snarl, let dictators strut and brag, the turtle-dove will continue to coo and the bumble-bee to buzz long after all the

Emperors, Kings, Dictators, Presidents and Princes are dead, buried, and forgotten.

A comfortable reflection, at the start of another noisy, hustling, purposeless London season! Urban or Rural, the world has its choice before it. It is not difficult to make the best of either world, with two such wise, interpretative guides to lead us.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THAMES PORTRAIT, by E. Arnot Robertson. With Photographs by H. E. Turner. *Nicholson & Watson*. 15s.

DOWN TO THE SEA, by George Blake. *Collins*. 12s. 6d.

THE story of a river may be told in various ways. There is the Tennysonian descriptive biography, "I come from haunts of coot and hern"; and this is really Miss Robertson's way, though nothing would please her less than to be associated with river bards, whom, as such, she heartily despises. Another way with a river is to consider how the towns grow on its banks. Our Thames chronicler has made a perfunctory gesture in this direction, too, but her heart is not in it, because it was so rarely in the towns. A third method is to record the river's industry rather than its windings; thus Mr. Blake writes of the Clyde in no coot-and-herny manner, his subject being ship-building. He really has the advantage of Miss Robertson, in both manner and matter, for it is simpler to tell a substantial story with gusto than to be under the necessity of saying something new and different and therefore a little perverse about a well-known theme.

In point of fact, Miss Robertson, like Mr. Blake, is more at home amongst the shipping than the willows; she is a yachtswoman rather than a punt-lounger, and has an awe-inspiring technique at her command. She has a literary technique, too, that rejoices in

keen satire when supplied with rich and vulnerable material. But on this occasion a certain initial benignity has made her desert her schooner for a motor-boat looking like an ice-cream barrow, and her satire for the quiet description of a trip down the upper Thames. The idea is charming. It is rendered more than charming by the magnificent photographs taken by Mr. Turner on the trip. Here we may see beauty on the wing and in the meadows, the very atmospheric subtleties of mist or struggling sunshine are poetically conveyed; the looming London buildings, the dark silhouettes at sunrise appear in a spectacular dignity that might well arouse wonder and appreciation in a stranger's breast. But Miss Robertson's account seems designed as a corrective to idyllic charm. She insists on the casual and conversational, gives us a deal of wise and wicked comment on laws, personalities and habits, and, finding benignity irksome, makes it clear that no idle rhythmical spell can blunt her criticism.

This assertive individualism is a familiar style, even amongst nature-lovers. Richard Jefferies transferring himself to Paris from the hedgerows was as clear-voiced in his condemnation as ever Miss Robertson can be of a hated Oxford. All one asks as an addition to prejudice is wit and brilliance; the episode that would seem lively enough in conversation must be condensed and reinforced for the printed page. Despite Miss Robertson's spirited endeavours she has not easily found the stuff of satire on our meandering Thames. It has often damped her squibs. The best passages, consequently, are those most in harmony with the pictures, when she forgets her personal cleverness to appear as the naturalist and bird observer. Then we get descriptions of a contest between heron and plover and of the hatching of a moorhen's eggs, as lovingly wrought as any episodes of their

kind in Miss Robertson's novels. These, and some eavesdropping about unicorns at Wapping, make a very fair accompaniment to the photographs.

Enthusiasm is the frank and lusty keynote of Mr. Blake, who is proud to be a native of Clydeside. And what a glorious tale he has to tell—romance (but never fiction) easily dominating from first to last! From Henry Bell's first Clyde-born steamship "Comet" the triumphant names go thundering on, through "Mauretania" to "Queen Mary," while curious episodes and queer adventures multiply. River craft are discovered in Far Eastern waters, barques change their nature and their nationality, and one famed collier, by name the "River Clyde" itself, is still afloat to be saluted for the memorable part she played in 1915 at Gallipoli. Such material, added to ardour and pleasant writing, should carry the book even to dwellers on the Thames.

SYLVA NORMAN.

THIS LIFE I'VE LOVED. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Isobel Field.
Michael Joseph. 15s.

THE author of this picturesque autobiography is the daughter of Fanny Osborne and sister of Lloyd Osborne. She was devoted to her father, a tall, handsome Californian pioneer; and when her parents parted at about the time when she was married to a painter named Joe Strong, she was distressed by her divided loyalty. She had every reason to be prejudiced against the man who came to take her father's place, and also to be shocked by this new attachment of her mother's. Fanny Osborne seems to have been distinctly prim and something of a domestic tyrant in her first marriage. It is significant that the girl, wishing to marry the penniless Joe Strong, was forbidden to do so by the mother, and thereupon went to consult

the banished father, who gave his permission and arranged the wedding. "My mother was very angry with us," says the author, "she and Nellie (the other daughter), came up the next day and making them was an ordeal. Nellie, of course, stood by me."

That naïve narration is typical of the book, which becomes therefore a most revealing document; much more so than would have been had the author indulged in "literary" trimmings.

That mother, for example; the woman about whom so much has been written by R.L.S. fans during the last forty years. We see in the above quotation from an early incident in the girl's life that her mother was capable of the blundering tactics which estranged so many of the early friends of R.L.S., particularly that bully-boy W. E. Henley, who must have been an unbearable party.

But as the story goes on in this artless narrative, we see Fanny Stevenson as a beautiful woman, small and indomitable, facing crises as they occur, running a pioneer household of vast dimensions, training Samoan servants, entertaining hundreds of visitors, and supervising her husband's secretarial work. And she has no drag in this last difficult matter. It was she who urged him to print and circulate the famous Father Damien letter, and to take the risk of libel actions which might result. Yet with all this commander-in-chiefship, "it was marvellous the way she managed to protect Louis without his knowing it. He hated being fussed over. A cooing, sympathetic person offering to put a pillow behind his head would enrage him, but he was never conscious of his wife's vigilance. At the first sign of fatigue on his face the guests departed, in spite of Louis' entreaties to stay. They didn't know they were being sent home, but nevertheless they went. She protected him from draughts, colds, bores and fatigue. With a glance she would direct

Lloyd to shut a window or throw a cape over Louis' shoulders, and nobody was allowed near him who was suffering with a cold." It sounds formidable, but it is also a tribute from a daughter not likely to be favourably biased either by relationship or circumstances.

As for R. L. S. he shines as a sort of secular saint. At first, there was some restraint between him and his step-daughter, but gradually he broke it down by his understanding and his incorrigible vitality and gaiety. She agreed at last, after the failure of her own marriage and the death of one of her children, to make her home with the Stevensons at Vailima, and to undertake the housekeeping. So she had ample opportunity to observe the intimacies of the character of this man of genius, and she has not been niggardly or untalented in presenting them. The book offers many delightful and fresh portraits of him. Here is an example. "He worked in a little one-room cabin near the main house, and here Ah Fu brought him tea and toast at the first streak of light in the sky. When his tray was taken away he would keep a slice of toast which he put on a shelf above his head for an occasional bite while he worked. When he discovered that a mouse came out to eat it, he made a practice of leaving a morsel there every morning, and before long it got so tame it would come down off the shelf and share his breakfast."

The Stevensons, however, play only a small part in the book, which is principally concerned with the childhood of the author in the mining towns of California, and her first married years in a bohemian flat in San Francisco. All this is richly coloured, and loses nothing by its garrulousness. There is a particularly good story of a visit paid by Oscar Wilde to the studio-flat and of his brilliant conversation with a lay-figure which they had dressed up for the occasion.

RICHARD CHURCH.

COUNT YOUR DEAD : THEY ARE ALIVE. Or, A New War in the Making, by Wyndham Lewis. *Loval Dickson. 7s. 6d.*

IF a writer tells us that the North Pole is situated somewhere in the Arctic regions, we do not to-day ask him to produce his proof that the statement is true. It is a matter of common belief, and we are willing to take it for granted. If, on the other hand, his assertion is that its situation is the Antarctic, that is quite another question. We shall want not one but a hundred proofs if we are not to dismiss him as a liar or a lunatic.

That is the penalty of being unorthodox. It is usually interesting and sometimes necessary to be so, but you must be prepared to pay the price—and, moreover, in sound intellectual currency, too. It will not be enough merely to shriek your allegation fifty times over. Mr. Wyndham Lewis has always been unorthodox. Seeing things, as he has previously told us he customarily does, "from the standpoint of genius," he would be bound to think himself mistaken were he not. He has therefore played the game often enough to know all the rules by now, and in fact it was his habit, in most of his earlier "pamphleteering" volumes, to document his cases almost excessively, if sometimes from rather surprising sources.

In his new book it is the assertions alone which are surprising, for of proof there is not even a pretence. The basic intention is an attack upon everything and everyone which or who is not completely pro-Fascist, and the underlying assumption is that all the leading members of the National Government, and all such semi-Government or Government-influenced organs as the B.B.C. and *The Times*, are working hand-in-glove with Soviet Russia, not, however, just for tactical reasons, but because they are the slaves of Loan-Capital (a loathsome and clearly Jewish parasite

to be sharply distinguished from splendor and Nordic Creative-Capital), which runs them—and with them Britain—and France and Russia. Therefore Baldwin & Co. are perforce Russophile Internationalist, and, to come to the point, as bad as Communist; and therefore again, since the Fascist nations are the only true individualists, the only real heroes, the only authentic democracies, Baldwin and his colleagues are perforce anti-Nazi, anti-Fascist, anti-Franco.

It is, in the main, just as simple as that. Mr. Lewis hands you *The Facts* and you take it or leave it. He makes no attempt at all to establish his case beyond the barest reliance on such matters as the association of Britain with a France allied to Soviet Russia. He once so avid of quotation, quotes never a word of our Government's repeated reservations in the matter of the Franco-Russian alliance, the obvious distaste of some of its members for Russia, the clear preference of some for Nazi Germany, the plain fact of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement (mentioned only in passing), and reticences and inactions—interpreted by most people as anything but pro-Red—in regard to the present war in Spain, which, incidentally, Mr. Lewis himself sees quite simply as Communist Revolt aided by large numbers of French and British "Reds" and heroically suppressed by loyal Spaniards and a rare occasional idealistic Italian or German.

It may be so. Perhaps the North Pole is in the Antarctic, and perhaps Mr. Baldwin, not Cripps or Maxton, is the genuine Marxist Popular-Frontist. But the idea strikes us as so strange that we cannot altogether accept it. There are so many likelier explanations of the few facts all too vaguely indicated. The remedy also remains misty—apparently some sort of Garvinish Anglo-German alliance against France and Russia. That might solve some (German

problems, but how it would prevent a European War is not so clear.

The book is satirical in form and style, but more vulgar than funny; Mr. Lewis's idea of a joke is to tag people with Jewish names and refer to Haile Selassie as "a nigger king."

GEOFFREY WEST.

WHIRLPOOLS ON THE DANUBE,
by Christopher Sidgwick. *Hutchinson.*
18s.

Mr. Christopher Sidgwick has followed up his extremely readable and intelligent *German Journey* with a lively account of a tour through Austria, Czechoslovakia, Subcarpathian Russia, Hungary and Transylvania. He talks German fluently and, although not enamoured of the Hitler régime, is a useful type of "pro-German," who is able to correct, from first-hand knowledge, the excessive anti-German transports in which so many of us are nowadays wont to indulge. We are apt to forget that Governments, including dictatorships, are transitory, while the qualities of a people endure. On his way home from Rumania, which apparently ill-treats the Hungarian minority in Transylvania, Mr. Sidgwick revisited some German towns with which he is familiar and reports crowded cafés and restaurants, prosperous shops bursting with goods, theatres full to overflowing. I got quite a different impression from a brief incursion into Germany last August. The town I visited, Trier, was gloomy in the extreme. Cafés and restaurants were dead and deserted, except for foreign trippers. Officials and frontier guards seemed nervous, surly and brutal. This impression may have been formed because my wife and I accidentally strayed over the Luxembourg frontier for an afternoon stroll, without our passports, were arrested by a revolver-carrying guard, marched off to the Custom Station a few hundred

yards from our hotel at Vianden, and subjected to a prolonged and quite unnecessary search and cross-examination. But, as Mr. Sidgwick points out, in Central Europe "the only stock this island of ours seems to hold among intelligent foreigners today is of the laughing kind: I might even say we are the laughing-stock." German stock evidently stands high throughout Central and Eastern Europe. If a German national is unjustly imprisoned, in some country like Rumania, a word from the German Ambassador immediately secures his release, an apology and compensation. Mr. Anthony Eden, on the other hand, is regarded as such a joke that even General Franco treats him with contempt. Mr. Sidgwick says that the rise of German influence is *almost* the most significant thing he has to report about his journey, and adds "but *the* most significant thing is undoubtedly the fall of British prestige. . . . All the good people of Europe from Stockholm to Rome and from the Hague to Bucharest see in our persistent muddling the evening of democracy; and at the same time hear the reveille sounding in the camps of autocracy." Mr. Sidgwick adored Budapest, of which he gives a rapturous account. He is disappointing about Vienna. Instead of giving the reader an adequate impression of it, he wastes space in abusing psycho-analysis, and indulges in cheap verbal quips such as "I'm afreud I'm too jung." He is rather too fond of indulging in the modern equivalent of the Victorian pun, and he is also too much taken up with his own personality which, though interesting, is not so interesting as the towns and countries which he sets out to describe. This book is, nevertheless, a valuable record of a young man's impressions of seething Central Europe and it is, like its predecessor, illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the author.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

MR. WITT AMONG THE REBELS, by Ramon J. Sender. Translated by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. *Faber & Faber*. 7s. 6d.

THREE COMRADES, by Erich Maria Remarque. *Hutchinson*. 8s. 6d.

MAN OF DECEMBER, by Alfred Neumann. *Hutchinson*. 8s.

MORE and more, perhaps, we shall be able to spot the good novel on sight, by its arrival without decorations. Not to have caught the appeal of Left or Right book clubs, book societies, book guilds, the *Daily Mirror* Romantic Choice of the Month, the Train-Readers' Union, and Mr. Howard Spring—what a recommendation that will be! *Mr. Witt among the Rebels*, I believe, has successfully run the gauntlet of all our committees. Of the three novels under review, it is easily the best.

Books about revolution tend to be as muddled as the events they describe. Sender's earlier novel, *Seven Red Sundays*, appeared to me both muddled and pretentious. *Mr. Witt* is a delightful surprise. The time has been put back (civil war in Cartagena in 1876), the view narrowed; emotion, whether sympathetic or ironical, is cool. We are given a picture of the little sea port, with its inhabitants, its harbour, and balconies on climbing streets, as exact and lucid as anything in Norman Douglas. The ageing doctor, enjoying his nightly egg-nog at the tavern, complains that his father will never die in time to leave him his money; he is still repeating the plaint, later in the book, when the town is being shelled, and he is horrified by an artillery man's offer to drop a shell into the old man's bedroom. How well, in small touches like this, Sender fixes the background! The executions, the drum-rolls, the naval battle in the bay are the more real because we know the pottering life they interrupt. A further perspective is given to events by the fact that the chief figure in the story is an Englishman, who observes rather than participates.

Mr. Witt—gracious, dignified, cautiously liberal, and retreating into a frightened middle-age—is well drawn. He watches the battleships through opera-glasses from his veranda, supporting the revolution in theory, but shocked by the turbulent emotion that goes with it. And he would be safe from the impact of popular feeling if it were not that his wife, Spanish and many years younger than himself, has the unthinking vitality he dreads. The personal disintegration of Mr. Witt, as the revolution surges round him and finally collapses, is conveyed with sympathetic detachment; he is never the lay figure he might well be—the non-interventionist of all time. All the characters—though small in scale—are perfectly focussed. If Sender survives the present war (he is fighting in Madrid) he should become an important figure in literature. He is a born novelist.

Remarque is not. The War gave him one experience which he made into a book—whatever one may think of its qualities. *Three Comrades* is the hang-over. It is an immensely long, padded, secondhand novel of post-war Germany. The drinking and difficulties of making a living have been done better by a score of writers—Döblin and Hans Fallada, for example; the description of a sanatorium at the end is only an echo of *The Magic Mountain*. Yet, if you can put up with a good deal of bungling and repetition, the book has a certain readability, and the love-story (despite the girl dying of consumption) some authenticity and freshness. It has been awarded, by the way, the Prix Howard Spring.

Men of December (choice of the Walpole Academy) is pretty awful. Herr Neumann has done for Napoleon III what Hollywood and Elstree have done for Queen Christina and Henry VIII, without, it seems to me, their popular attraction.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

W. Y. Elliott is head of the Department of Government at Harvard. A thoroughgoing American, he savoured the distinctive atmosphere on this side of the Atlantic during his spell at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in the early post-war years. And he has continued to take a detached and sympathetic interest in our problems. No one has written with more wit and wisdom of the metamorphosis of Empire into Commonwealth of Nations than the author of *The New British Empire* (1929). With a mind attuned to the metaphysical subtleties dear to the heart of the late Lord Balfour he etched in that book an unforgettable picture of the transition of "lion into unicorn." It is fitting, then, that THE FORTNIGHTLY should give him now an opportunity for a re-assessment of that unique phenomenon, the British realm.

In the article we publish, Professor Elliott comes forward in the role of candid friend—a very necessary role when the danger to which the British Empire are exposed is one of complacency. He is concerned less with questions of status and relationship—the time for them has passed—than with vital economic issues which concern the whole English-speaking world. And he sees the future ahead: the claims of particular interests in the mother-country and the Dominions blocking the urgent need, for the world's sake no less than for their own, of collaboration between the peoples of Britain and America.

The same problem is viewed in the context of the trade policy of the United Kingdom during the past twenty years by the **Hon. George Peel**. Grandson of the first Sir Robert Peel and younger brother of the present Earl Peel, twice Secretary of State for India, the author was formerly a clerk in the Treasury and now occupies an important position in the City. He is therefore peculiarly qualified to write of the fiscal problems confronting Mr. Neville Chamberlain and the new Government which will shortly replace the Baldwin Cabinet. His three publications since the War—*The Financial Crisis of France*, *The Economic Impact of America*, and *The Economic War*—have been among the most lively and instructive studies of financial issues in our generation.

The name of Peel calls up memories of the "hungry 'Forties" and the great change-over from the protection of corn-growers to the long era of free trade. We are reminded of the seamy side of that economic shift by **S. K. Ratcliffe's** article on the centenary of Queen Victoria's accession. He is in no doubt, however, as to the greatness of the Victorian era.

S. K. Ratcliffe is a regular contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY on a variety of topics. An editor and writer of unequalled experience, he has made a speciality of lecturing visits to the United States, and can claim to have been a pioneer in that respect. Our readers may remember the two articles on the subject of English

Lecturers in America which we published in October and November, 1935.

George Godwin, also a versatile writer, who has contributed a number of articles to *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, writes this month of another centenary which falls this year, that of the telegraph. We take our communications so much for granted that it comes as quite a shock to realize that the tempo of our modern life has such a brief history.

Dr. Ernst Karl Winter is a university professor and sociologist who has courageously taken up an independent position in the acute dissensions that have marked Austria's political life in the past few years. A staunch Catholic and Conservative, he has nevertheless consistently championed the cause of the working class and defended the principles of social democracy. For that very reason he was summoned by Dr. Dollfuss after the tragic civil strife of February, 1934, to take up the position of Deputy Mayor of the city of Vienna, a post which he occupied until last year. His efforts to build a bridge between the socialist working class and the authoritarian state have hitherto proved unavailing, and, in spite of his antecedents, he fell into disfavour for his outspoken strictures on the Schuschnigg Government when the latter made its pact with the Germany of Herr Hitler on July 11th, 1936. Dr. Winter is at present on a visit to the United States studying the development of the labour unions.

Austria may at any moment revert to its role of storm-centre. At present the thunder and lightning in the European atmosphere is still generated from Spain. *THE FORTNIGHTLY* includes, therefore, "yet another article" on that distracted country. **Sir George Young**, the author, has an unrivalled knowledge, and, above all, understanding of Spanish politics, as readers of his book *The New Spain* (1933) will recall. And he has also enjoyed a full and lively career as

diplomat, soldier, journalist, author and professor. He is now Director in Spain of the Field and Children's Hospital of the Southern Spanish Relief Fund (Treasurer, E. T. Mardling, Esq., 10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.).

As Sir George Young remarks, the military (as distinct from the political) issue of the Spanish war is being decided in these very weeks by air-power. (The much-vaunted watch and ward contrived at long last by the Non-Intervention Committee does not take account at all of the air!) The bombing of Durango and Guernica has recently given us a foretaste of what "air-power" means. It has driven home to the most sceptical the lesson which "air-maniacs" have been teaching these past few years—that the introduction of the new air-weapon has revolutionized warfare and that there is no escape from *la guerra totale*—except the final elimination of war itself. The mass of the public cannot really grasp this air-change, yet the number is growing of those who want to know the worst and who are impatient of official attempts to veil the awful truth.

L. E. O. Charlton was Air Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington in 1919-22, and then became Chief Staff Officer, Iraq Command, resigning in 1924 in protest against certain measures of air control. In *Gas and Gulls* he shows a rare appreciation both of the technicalities of the new forms of warfare and of the psychology of the public.

Randall Swingler is a young writer who has made a reputation as a poet and literary critic. He recently published his first novel, which was reviewed last month in these pages. In *Art and Man* he writes for a numerous public which, without being Philistine, is unhappy about a growing tendency among painters to treat their art as a esoteric occupation into which the ordinary human being cannot penetrate.

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